

the man's home companion!



ADULT READING

Adam

VOL. 11 NO. 2

quack cures for
IMPOTENCY!

**DON'T BE TRAPPED
BY PSYCHOLOGICAL
JOB TESTS**

**The Millionaire
and the Hollywood
Sex Symbol**

**ADAM visits
CHARLIE MINGUS,
the set of the new
DEAN MARTIN/
ANN-MARGRET
Matt Helm movie**

**WILD SPOOF!
FATMAN
and BOBBIN**



SEA NYMPH

Lovely Sharon Lee Meyers takes a trip up the Malibu coast with photographer Andre De Dienes for some artistic photos of Miss Meyers, who captures the excitement of the ocean and the open air. The wild coastline of Malibu is a beautiful setting for this frolicsome free style of camera work.

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MURDERER'S ROW

Ol' Dino makes James Bond look like a boy scout in this new tale of gals and mayhem



ONCE AGAIN, the intrepid Matt Helm, with a highball in one hand and a dame or other such lethal weapon in the other, must save his country — in fact a good sized part of the world — from an unknown enemy. And once again, the versatile Dean Martin stars as America's top super-spy, in *Murderer's Row*.

As was the case with "The Silencers" on which Martin and producer Irving Allen first teamed to bring Matt Helm to the screen, "Murderers' Row" is based upon the highly successful novels by Donald Hamilton which have made Helm's exploits familiar to millions of readers around the world.

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He followed the trail left by the Sioux to take the woman that was married to his commanding officer . . .

ONCE WAS A WOMAN — ahh, fine she was, with a gentle song for the beauty of the world and a look of high places, where social eagles stretched light-laughing wings, caught in the light brown depth of her eyes. The wife of a captain, the lover of a lieutenant, the captive of a savage—or DEAD? It has been five months now, five long and tired months since the Sioux carried Sabrina off... ■ Lieutenant Carver Usten shrugged away the familiar, morbid thoughts

—turn the page

THE CAPTIVE

by GARY PAULSEN



CAPTIVE, from page 7

tiredly, angrily, and looked down at the Indian woman in critical appraisal.

She was Sioux, that he could tell by the pattern of her buckskin shift, and she was very old. It was the Sioux way, Carver knew, that when the tribe was on the move and the old could not keep up the pace they merely fell out along the trail. Like a crippled elk, waiting for the coming of the wolves, they accepted their fate stoically, patiently. Already the old woman was singing the nasal monotone of her death wail; the greeting to *Tonopah*, taker of free spirits.

Carver slid stiffly from his saddle, holding the reins in his hand, and squatted before her. He sat like that for a long time, the woman singing as though he were not there, with a flat-hot sun beating his blue-coated back into the dirt of the Black Hills, and tried to think of what he could say to get this almost dead woman to make her help him. Finally he spoke, in

ed the first two letters, as the Sioux would have done if they hadn't given her an Indian name. "She was taken five moons ago in a raid on the Pony Soldier fort near the white eye's village of Deadwood." He stopped then. He had said enough, she knew of Sabrina or she didn't, and he could think of no incentive to make her tell him. Carver felt the sun again, and had to brush away a persistent horsefly, and he wondered why it always seemed futile to talk to Indians. They were like expressionless pieces of wood: less of man, more of the wild things. Their words came in poetry their faces did not reflect.

"I am of *Dakotah*," she said, her tone rising slightly, "the people of the sun, and you ask for help . . . you, a Pony Soldier. The dirt has your brain."

He waited, saying nothing. Perhaps she was right, he thought, a man would have to be at least half crazy to ask a dying woman to turn traitor for

days of riding, back to the night five months ago.

The night of betrayal.

IT HAD BEEN THE annual officer and enlisted men's ball, a grand name for something that started laced with protocol and usually wound up a drunken brawl.

Captain Wade Hampton, the commanding officer of Fort Gold, hated this event for what it was — a breach of military etiquette, the free and unbridled fraternization between enlisted men and officers and their women. He was a member of the old school, the hard school, and when he heard that a visiting group of inspectors from Washington were arriving at Deadwood on the afternoon of the ball the captain fairly leapt at the chance to be absent. With characteristic militarism, he had assigned Carver, as the second officer in charge, to escort his wife to the ball.

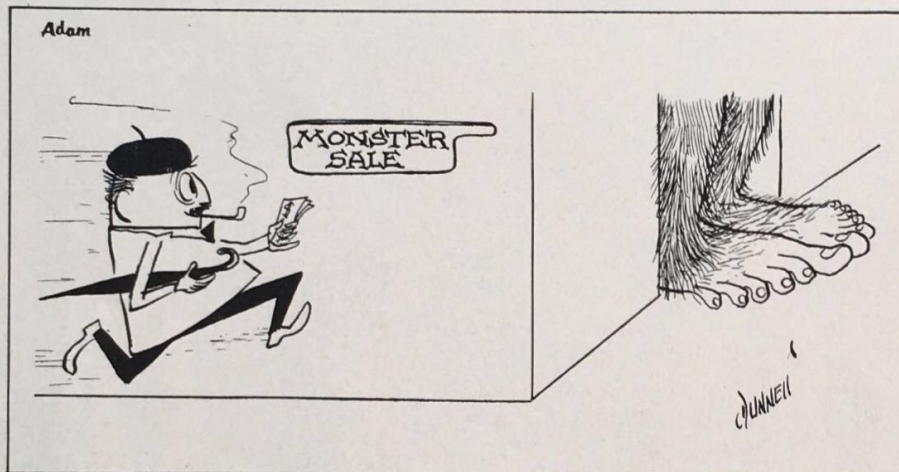
Sabrina Hampton was in all things just the opposite of her husband. Where he was orderly and militaristic, she was the picture of soft and beautiful flightiness. Twenty-seven years-old, against the Captain's thirty-five, she dominated the fort's social life (such as it was) with a fluttering gaiety that stemmed from innocence and lived on charm. She was, in short, a perfect officer's wife who could do much to further her husband's career. But Sabrina was also lonely; she did not particularly like the idea of sharing notice with something as ugly (she thought) as the army. And that night of the ball she was angry as well. She enjoyed formal balls, they gave her a chance to air her beauty, and she felt that her husband's absence was too obvious a dodge — almost an insult.

"Why, Lieutenant Usten," Sabrina had said when Carver arrived. "You look positively dashing, all dressed out in your dress-blues. You look as though you may be getting ready to lead a saber charge — perhaps against the virtuousness of my feminine charms?"

It had been the wrong thing for a commanding officer's wife to say to a young lieutenant, a brash thing, spoken out of place in a setting of propriety that allowed only careful words and right phrases. Carver had mumbled some answer to match the gallantness of his dress, some pointless thank-you words. But the incident had stuck, odd and bizarre, and it laid a pattern that governed the rest of the evening.

The ball, with the regimental band playing slightly off-key and the issue-whiskey in the punch, had been almost normal in its predictability. Sabrina had danced the first waltz with

— turn to page 66



halting and broken Sioux.

"There is much life in the voice of your song. Perhaps you greet *Tonopah* too soon?" He lied, and he knew it. She would be dead by morning, carrion for the Small People — the fox and the buzzards. Worse, she knew he was lying. Her lips quit moving and wrinkled at the edges, forming what once might have been a smile. She opened her eyes for the first time since Carver had come upon her.

"Your horse breathes heavy," she said, "and you have much dust in your hair." There was no fear in her voice, no acknowledgement that he was a much-hated Pony Soldier — only a dry interest.

"I have ridden long," he held up a hand, "five moons, without stopping."

"To kill the Sioux?" Her dry throat started a hoarse rasp of laugh, "To make war on old and dying women?"

"To find a young woman," he corrected. "My woman, a white-skin woman, with hair the color of oak bark, named *Sabrina*." Carver accent-

no reason.

"I am of *Dakotah*," she repeated. "But I die alone, without wailers or presents. The Small People will pick my bones."

Then it dawned on him. She wanted pity, no matter the source. She wanted the drama of death.

"I will build you a death platform," he said. "And cover you with my sleeping robe and give you many fine presents for *Tonopah*."

"Then I know of your woman," she coughed, "but you must hurry. I would see the platform and presents before I talk, and I talk not well dead."

Quickly, he ground-reined his horse, took a small hatchet from his bedroll and began hacking wooden poles from a nearby thicket: four solid pieces for the legs, each about eight feet long, and small ones for the cross-pieces. He worked rapidly, almost feverishly, fighting a one-sided battle against *Tonopah*. As he labored his mind slid, as it had so many times in the long

MICHELE'S MISTAKE

Michele Durer
had an
embarrassing
moment



Did you ever mistake a person for someone else? Michele did, unfortunately . . .



Michele Duce is an exuberant, outgoing type of girl; unhappily, her naturally extroverted behavior caused a bit of embarrassment, and now she is trying to change her ways. One day while she was shopping in a well-known supermarket in Hollywood, she thought she spied an old friend down the aisle. Quickening her pace, she called to the figure in a blue plaid shirt and levis, "Otto, how are you?"

Michele's face reddened when the figure that turned around was not her friend, but actor Dick Chamberlain. She managed an "Excuse me, I thought you were someone else," and quickly rounded the aisle, leaving Mr. Chamberlain to himself.







Besides being friendly, Michele is a pretty nice eyeful. Her hazel eyes and auburn hair go very nicely with her lightly freckled face. Miss Durer hasn't done badly in the other eye beholding areas either. Her fine (37-23-36) figure has turned an eye or two of that well-known group of guys who stand on street corners viewing passing scenery.

But Michele has learned her lesson, even if it was the hard way, and there is little chance that she will come running up some day, mistaking you for a friend. She has decided that it is much safer to let her friends say the first hello. ☼

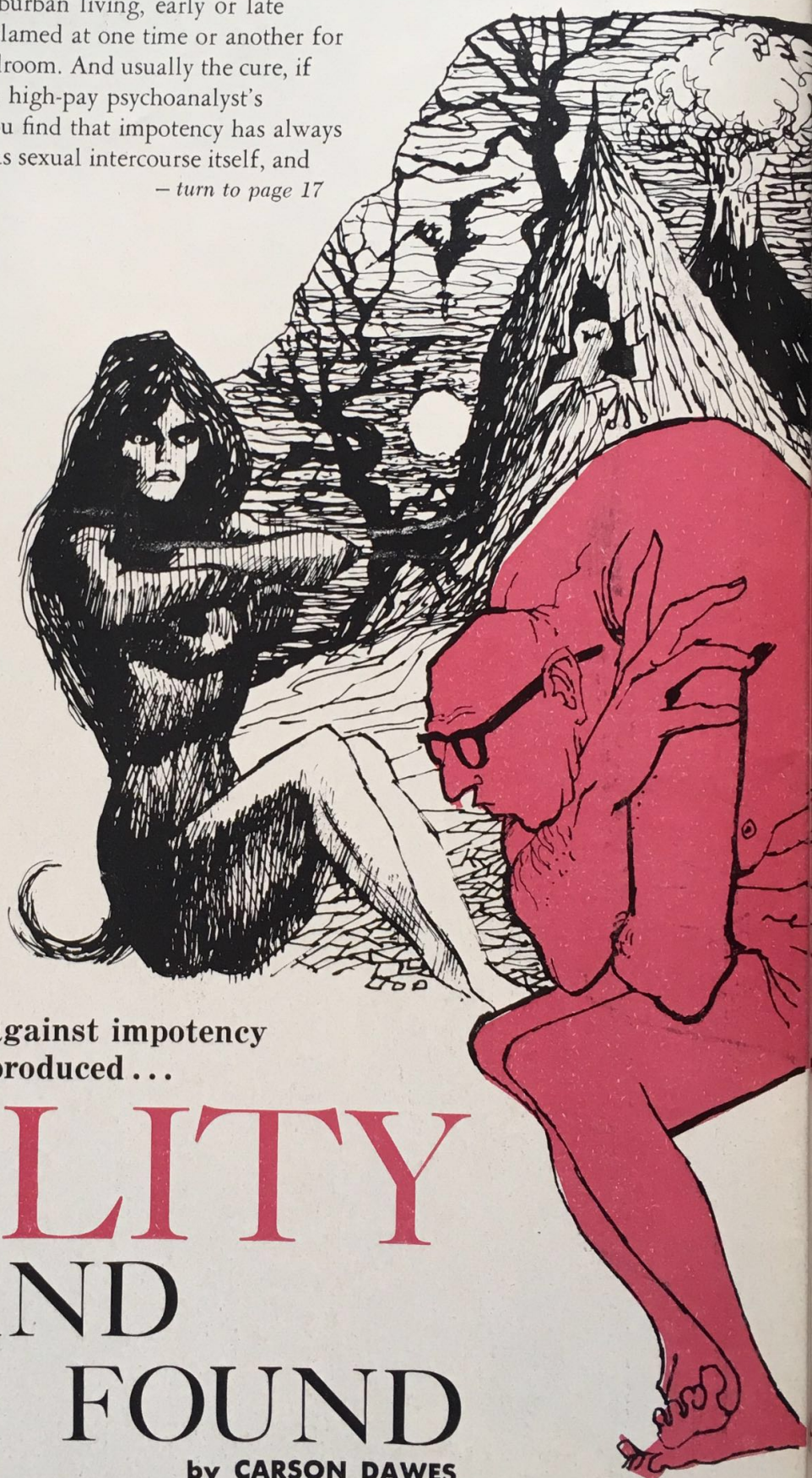


Michele decided to restrain her vivacious manner for the sake of her composure



THERE IS A general feeling today that impotency, or any lack of sexual vigor, happens chiefly because of the fast pace of living in the modern world. Technology, suburban living, early or late commuting—all of these have been blamed at one time or another for a less than satisfactory jaunt to the bedroom. And usually the cure, if any, comes only after long hours on a high-pay psychoanalyst's couch. ■ But if you dig back a bit you find that impotency has always been around, probably almost as long as sexual intercourse itself, and

— turn to page 17



An account of the battle against impotency
and the unusual cures it produced...

VIRILITY

LOST AND FOUND

by CARSON DAWES



Adam **FILM** **QUARTERLY**

NUMBER

2



Susan Denberg,
star of
An American Dream

\$1.00

ON SALE NOW AT YOUR DEALER

JUST HOW FAR CAN MOVIE MAKERS GO WHILE RIDING THE CREST OF THE NEW WAVE OF FILM FREEDOM?

The editors of Adam, in response to overwhelming requests, have selected a highly unusual group of motion pictures for your reading and viewing enjoyment. The ADAM FILM QUARTERLY is actually a collection of scenes from various movies . . . scenes that supposedly were scissored by censors from the original film prints. Due to the controversial subject matter in some of the films, special permission was obtained from the producers of the films to use this material.

Now you can see the part of movie-making that you would never see unless you were actually on the set of the movie. ADAM FILM QUARTERLY puts you right there, with a microscopic eye-view of such famous stars as Stella Stevens and Glenn Ford in a very unusual film titled **THE RAGE**; Ann Margret and Dean Martin in the new Matt Helm movie **MURDERER'S ROW**; plus the dazzling bath towel scene in **THE AMERICAN DREAM**, starring Susan Denberg and Stuart Whitman. And that's not all! You'll see some very personal film profiles of June Wilkinson, Rena Horten and many, many more.

You'll see all of it in **THE ADAM FILM QUARTERLY**. It's loaded with action, excitement and enjoyment. Convince yourself that this magazine tops anything you've ever seen! Don't miss it.

VIRILITY, from page 15

before the advent of psychoanalysis some of the so-called cures for "... a flagging of virility" were virtually as limitless and bizarre as the imagination of the people who dreamed them up.

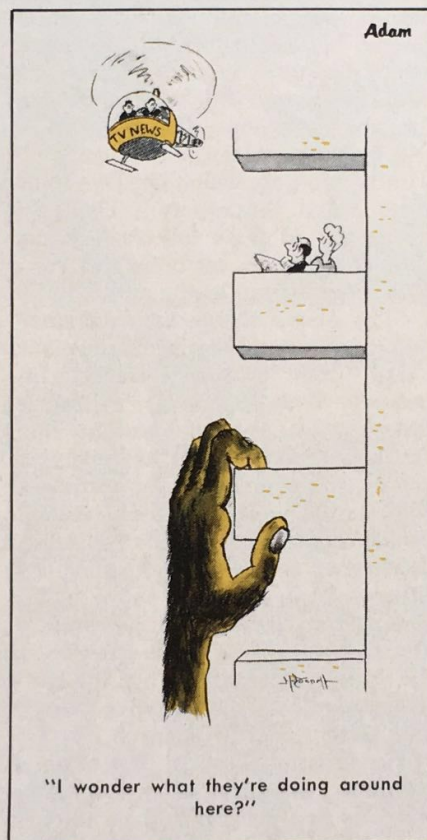
Animal tissues, glandular secretions, waters from mythical "Youth-Springs," turtle-parts, electricity, and "Secrets of the Sultans" have all been exploited as sure-fire renewers of bedroom vitality. And the methods used for this exploitation (often blatantly fraudulent and always sensationalistic) are a classic example of an older form of psychology than is found on the analyst's couch — the hard sell. Give them what they want, whether you have it or not, and they'll keep coming back for more.

There was Goat-Gland Brinkley, for instance, who told the world that the transplanting of a goat's testicles, or a part thereof, in the human male scrotum would "... renew sexual vigor." No one is certain whether he ever actually performed the operation in its entirety, going so far as to emplace the goat-testicle in the man, but he *did* make a lot of incisions under the auspices of doing the transplantation, and his prices were authentic, if not his operation — as low as \$120.00 for an older goat's testicles, and as high as \$1200.00 for a young, virile goat.

"THE GREATEST KNOWN TREATMENT FOR WEAK MEN!" said the promoting copy from the Packers Product Company, Chicago, at the turn of the Century. "ORCHIS EXTRACT!" then, in smaller letters, "... a substance from the testicles of rams." Such was the audacity of Mr. Fred Leach, the man who started this full time promotion of glandular extracts from animals, that his letterhead showed a full panoramic shot of the Chicago meatyards with huge testicled rams ready for the knife. Unfortunately the letterhead was a photographic reproduction, and in the background stood a meat plant with the clearly readable name of "Armour" painted on its side. The Armour people told the post office investigators, and the post office closed Mr. Leach down for "... fraud." (There was a terrific hassle at the time because the Armour Meat Company had just centered a large publicity campaign around the fact that they "... utilized everything but the sound of the animal" in their new butchering processes. They were understandably afraid that Mr. Leach's letterhead would draw a wrong interpretation of this statement.)

"I can give you the secrets of the Wonderful Prolongation of all the Attributes of Manhood," said Dr. William M. Raphael, officed in Cincinnati

in 1858. His secret? Why, the actual waters of the Ponce de Leon Fountain of Youth, what else? To further aid his stature, however, he dropped the name of the famous explorer and called his potency-stimulator simply: "Dr. Raphael's Cordial Invigorant." He charged no less than three dollars for one small bottle of this water, and if the buyer's interest seemed to be waning he would relate the story of the Arab Sheik Ben Hadad, the 109-year-old monarch of the desert who supposedly took the Doctor's Cordial Invigorant. "When I last saw him," Dr. Raphael would tell the dubious client (quoting *The Golden Age of Quackery*, by Stewart Holbrook), "he had a babe on his knee, born to him only a week before by one of his female



slaves." If still the buyer seemed reluctant, Dr. Raphael got down to cases (again quoting Mr. Holbrook): "The Cordial stimulates the sluggish animal powers to healthy action, and with vigor comes *natural desire*. It brings the system up to the virile point and *keeps it there*." (The italics are Mr. Holbrook's.) By this time, if the customer was even a little down on his prowess, he would practically jump at the chance to pay three dollars for some of the magic water.

It is amusing to note the fantastic lengths to which some of the "Virility-Sellers" would go in the fabrication of documentation to prove their claims. Violet McNeal, author of *Four White Horses and a Brass Band* and originator of Tiger Fat (a healing salve) was

also the inventor of a potency-inducer called "Vital Spark" which she made by rolling small, buckshot candy in powdered aloes to give it a bitter taste. But what she told the customers about "Vital Spark," *that* was something else (quoting *The Toadstool Millionaires*, by James Harvey Young).

"Wearing a mandarin coat and Chinese skullcap, she told her street-corner crowd the sad 'story of peril, of overwhelming danger, of a dreadful and mysterious ailment which threatened to wipe from the face of the earth the great people of the Chinese nation.' This dire disaster was loss of male vitality. 'To the horror of all who were aware of the impending tragedy, it seemed inevitable that this mighty race might perish. Its life force was gone. Its manhood no longer possessed the strength for perpetuation of the strain which had existed throughout history!'"

"The Emperor, faced with the crisis, proclaimed that he would give a princely fortune to anyone who found a means of restoring Chinese Vitality. Many famous physicians and scientists tried and failed. One astute sage, Tuck Chaw by name, while exploring a volcanic region, encountered a variety of turtle, the Kup Ki See, in which the golden-striped male was outnumbered by the female 1,000 to 1. (Presumably, Violet would pause at this point to allow the ratio of male to female turtles to sink into the brains of the by now dazzled audience.) What was the secret of this incredible vitality? He, Tuck Chaw, pushed his researches with vigor and hope. At last he discovered that the male turtle differed from the female in possessing a small pouch, the Quali Quah pouch, at the base of the brain. 'He removed the pouches ... dried and powdered them, and gave tiny portions to the Chinese people. The reaction was both swift and effective.' The nation was saved — 'There is, gentlemen,' she told her listeners, 'a sufficient quantity of this same substance in these Vital Sparks I am going to offer tonight to restore you to health, virility and happiness.'"

And they bought it—because of Violet's story, or in spite of it—at a dime per small bottle, and in sufficient quantities to make her a wealthy woman.

But it wasn't until the advent of electricity — that "... new and wondrous science"—that the claims for the aiding of impotency victims really started to get incredulous. Electricity, it was said, not long after its discovery and first utilization commercially, could and ultimately would cure just about every human ailment known to the medical world. Typically, the first "ailment" to gain treatment from elec-

— turn to page 18

Select over 300 fantastic photographs and illustrations from the most remarkable ever produced. Add to this over 200,000 words of amazing text—violent, purple, powerful stories selected from a rare collection especially to please you. Carefully lithograph them in magnificent folios with breathtaking color and sharp, crisp detail. Bind them into a huge 520 page library volume for collectors. The result is Knight Harvest, a rare, scarce private edition, the best of Knight, so exciting it defies description. This volume must be seen to be appreciated. That's why we offer it to you now on a free, no risk, no obligation 10-day inspection. Send only \$5.00 (the full price of this remarkable volume) with your name and address and ask for Knight Harvest on a 10-day free inspection. After you receive it and have an opportunity to inspect each page, only then do you have to decide if you want to keep it. If not, just return it for a full and immediate refund... no questions asked. It's that easy... a wonderful way to inspect this valuable collection at absolutely no risk. However, the supply is limited so rush your \$5.00 with order to: KNIGHT HARVEST, Box 69804, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069.



VIRILITY, from page 17

trix means was in the field of sexual deficiency in men—through the means of “Dr. Dye’s Famous Voltaic Belt.”

Dr. Dye’s belt was a waist-girdler that would have done credit to Batman’s famous Utility Belt. It was fabricated from leather, red flannel and plates of zinc and copper, all of this connected in a circle corresponding to waist size by wires which, supposedly, “... conducted the vitality-giving current so necessary to virility.” Hanging from the front, much in the manner of a plumb-bob, was a small weight dangling from a wire just in front of the male organs.

Dr. Dye’s ads, proclaiming the almost-but-not-quite-unbelievable powers of his Voltaic Belt, approached the absurd. Immediately below a boldly printed “A COMMON SENSE TREATMENT FOR WEAK MEN” was the picture of a nude, young man with his body torqued into the most impossible of positions and wearing an electric belt, complete with plumb-bob, which Dr. Dye terms “The Spiral Suspensory.” The copy below the ad is as follows (quoting Gerald Carson in his book *One for a Man Two for a Horse*):

“The above shows how extremely rational my treatment is for men suffering from Sexual Debility, Impotency, Drains, Losses, Varicocele, Atrophy, etc., as the current fully envelopes EVERY PART AFFECTED, in passing through the Sexual centre and Kidneys at the back to the Liver and Sexual organs in front. The belt is also used same as above in Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder, Liver and Stomach complaints, Nervousness, General Ill-Health, etc., either with or without the Spiral Suspensory. When the latter is detached all the negative current goes to the Liver or Stomach Disc.”

The classic point is that while a customer may have felt a faint burn when he first put the belt on, the belt was about as “electric” as a piece of sponge. It literally and scientifically had nothing to do with electricity. The faint burning sensation was due to the fact that “Dr. Dye’s Famous Voltaic Belt” had been liberally dipped in capsicum (a salve-balm) just before shipment. The gradual wearing off of this salve, and hence a decrease in the burning sensation, was naturally attributed to “... the wearing down of the batteries,” and for this impotent males shelled out \$18.00 per belt (roughly two-weeks wages at the time the belt was sold).

Not long after the “Electric Age” of impotency came the “Steel Age.” Capitalizers in the pseudo-regenerative field centered in on the fact that the words “Virility” and “Hard” usually go hand in hand, and “Hard,” they

reasoned, meant “Steel.” So they came out with small tablets of steel (not iron), coated with a sweet substance. So popular was the steel pill that many companies picked it up (this in the twenty years after the Civil War) and before long stores and mail-order-houses were swamped with brand-names and slogans like the following:

“Turkish Method—The SULTANS and HAREMS!”

“Aromatic Lozenges of Steel!”

“FOR MEN ONLY! How did the ARABIC CHIEFTAINS control their HAREMS?” (This wild sounding question was written on the cover of an otherwise unmarked package of steel tablets.)

“GET HARD, GET MASCULINE, GET WILSON’S POWER-PILLS!” (Forty-cents per package of twenty.)

More appropriately, it should have been “Get *Had*”—because for twenty years that’s just exactly what happened. Impotent men were taken to the tune of over ten million dollars on steel pills alone, and the money spent previously and later on “Electric” belts, “Virile” water, and all the other assorted gimcracks and gadgets supposed to thwart sexual decline is literally uncountable.

Nor (and despite the proven success of psychoanalysis) is it over yet. As recently as 1957, the magazine *Confidential* published an article exclaiming the virtue of *pega-palo*, an herb from the Dominican Republic (“... the vine that makes you virile!”) about which the American Medical Association stated: “So far as is known, no active plant principle under any of these designations (*pega-palo*) has been isolated or identified or been demonstrated to have any effect whatever as a drug.” But still, while the herb had no aphrodisiacal effects, the vine sold at \$37.50 for three small cuts.

And currently, practically any of the popular men’s magazines will have an ad somewhere extolling the merits of “Royal Jelly” as an aid to potency or virility. While not all facets of Royal Jelly are known, it’s a good scientific bet that it doesn’t do much for virility or sexual ability. It’s just the most recent comer to the field.

And what’s next? Nobody, of course, could predict for certain what supposed “Potency Aid” will pop up next. But a psychologist in Seattle came out with a good idea.

“I’ve found that the best help for a case of psychological impotency,” he says, “is a good looking woman who’s ready, willing and able.”

Maybe so, but the idea hits a snag long before it hits the market.

How are they going to bottle it? 



**COME
AND GET IT!**

the Adam Calendar for 1967

Brand new edition of the world-famous Adam Calendar now ready, still only 50c (at your dealer)—breathtaking color, spectacular nudes!

The world's most famous bass player expresses himself
with his fists as well as his unorthodox music

CHARLIE MINGUS:

THE FIGHTING BASS PLAYER

by BOB PATTON

SEVERAL YEARS AGO A Negro jazz musician walked off the bandstand of the Music Barn in Lenox, Mass., and was heckled by a white man who hurled racial insults at him. Rather than embarrass his hosts, the musician continued on his way, but the heckler followed him. Suddenly, the musician turned around and flattened the man with one blow from his enormous fist.

"I wouldn't have hit him at all," Charlie Mingus said later, "but I was afraid he was going to hit me."

This is but one of the many incidents that have contributed to the legend of Charlie Mingus as "the fighting bass player."

Only recently, Mingus was castigated in the pages of a national music magazine for creating havoc during a tour of Europe last spring. At one concert alone, in Biel, Switzerland, he was reported to have ripped out telephones, destroyed a fan's tape recorder, confiscated the film from another fan's motion picture camera, harangued the audience from the stage, and smashed his fist through two steel doors.

Much of the trouble, according to Mingus, was caused by the theater owner's daughter, whose advances he spurned. The woman, said Charlie, "took my Boy Scout knife, which I keep as a memento, and stabbed it into my door. The only door touched by me was the sound-proof door of the conductor's room at the concert hall, which my left fist went through." He said he did that after the concert promoter had told him: "You don't act like I'm told Negroes are supposed to act: passive."

"So," Mingus went on, "I yelled and cried and rammed my hand through a metal door. Without pain, however. My right hand failed to go through the second door, as Gestapo police came at my back with drawn pistols."

Such incidents have become the stock-in-trade of a musician who is probably the world's most famous — and most notorious — bass player. At 42, he has been involved in more scrapes than any jazz musician alive (or dead). He has insulted audiences in scatological terms; he has graphically told music critics where to put their criticisms; he has fired more musicians in a week than other band-leaders can hire in a year, yet his popularity continues to grow. Just last year, for example, he won the Down Beat Jazz Critics Poll as the number one bass player in the nation, an honor he has walked away with for two years running.

Charlie Mingus "is the only man I know," said a close associate of his, "who can fall in and come up smelling like roses."

Sometimes Mingus is provoked by others, as in the incident at the Music Barn. At other times anything can set him off on a scathing harangue, or cause him to explode in overt acts of violence, against music critics, audiences, the white man or other musicians.

"Mingus has a Jekyll-and-Hyde personality," said Omar Clay, a young drummer who worked with Mingus in 1960. "At rehearsals at his home, he was friendly and helpful. But sometimes, if he wasn't too explicit about what he wanted, this could lead to hassles on the stand. With Mingus, you never knew what to expect. Any-

thing can set him off."

Most musicians seem content to find an outlet for their anger and frustrations in their music, but, just as man cannot live by bread alone, so Charlie Mingus, it would seem, cannot live by music alone. But why is it necessary for such a giant of jazz, who has arrived at the pinnacle of his profession, to use violence to achieve his ends?

One reason would seem to be, paradoxically, his fear of violence. In his childhood, Charlie was a big kid for his age, but constantly shied from battle. He studied self-defense, at the promptings of a friend, but his greatest defense has always been to get in the first blow. Now, many years later, he is still a big kid for his age, weighing in at a taut 180 pounds, but his method of defense has not changed.

Nat Hentoff, jazz critic and author of *The Jazz Life*, says that "In recent years, Mingus has achieved a reputation as a fighter. Usually, however, he does not hit unless he's been extremely or suddenly provoked, and then he strikes in fear that if he doesn't get in the first punch, the other man surely will."

But his fear of being hit does not account for the times he has hit others when the only "provocation," apparently, was the fact that he was in one of his ugly moods, or he wasn't happy with the way in which his music was being played. What, then, can account for the violence with which this seething volcano of a man can erupt at any moment?

One reason for his repeated outbursts is a deep-seated feeling of insecurity caused by his color. Overly

— turn the page



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MINGUS, from page 21

sensitive about being a Negro, he is quick to spot a racial injustice and quick to react to it. When this happens, he castigates the whole of the white race, including the many white friends he has.

Teo Macero, A&R man for Columbia Records, and a long-time associate of Charlie, said that he "sometimes hates me, particularly when he's on a rampage against whites. Then he lumps every white face together, friend or foe."

The foundation of Mingus' racial sensitivity was laid long ago in his childhood in Watts, Calif. His grammar school teacher, "Miss Virginia," for instance, believed that Negroes were inherently inferior to the white man and that they were very slow learners. She frequently referred to Mingus as, "You yellow nigger." As if this weren't enough, she often slapped him for no apparent reason, afterwards threatening him with more slaps if he told anyone about it.

"I found out later," said Mingus, "that they were thinking of sending me to a dumb school. My father and mother were told to come to the principal's office. My father was lighter than anybody else in the room, but he was a proud Negro and contemptuous of most whites. I remember the principal, a fairly conscientious man, didn't want to make a hasty decision. While we were all there, he checked by telephone to find out what my I.Q. tests had shown. It turned out, as my father later explained to me, that 'even by a white man's standards, you're supposed to be a genius.'"

Because of these and other incidents, the young Charlie Mingus was a moody and confused youth who found it difficult to come to terms with life.

"I didn't think I dug life the way other people did," he said. "I didn't have any lust or love for life. I was just living and breathing."

Just after his graduation from high school he began studying Karma Yoga: "I learned through meditation the will to control and actually feel calmness. I found a thing that made me think I could die if I wanted to. I used to work at it, not death and destruction, but just to will myself to death."

A year later, he tried to put this belief to the test. He lay down one afternoon and tried willing himself to death.

"While I was lying there," he said, "I got to such a point that it scared me and I decided I wasn't ready. And ever since, actually, I've been running because I saw something I didn't want to see. I felt I was too young to reach

this point."

This brooding attraction to death and inability to come to terms with life were partially caused by his sensitivity to race, but he had problems in other areas of his life as well. He had been plagued by troubles with music ever since his father had given him a trombone when he was five years old.

"His teacher," said Ira Gitler, the jazz critic, "didn't bother to distinguish between bass and treble. Mingus asked his sister, who played piano, to help him. She taught him the treble clef. When he recited it verbatim to the teacher, instead of the bass clef, the man told Charlie's parents that their son was too stupid to learn."

For a long time Mingus believed this teacher, and so was unsuccessful with the trombone. He finally gave it up after Britt Woodman, a musician who afterwards played with Duke Ellington, advised him that he had an excellent ear, but that he should switch instruments. Charlie, accordingly, switched to cello.

However, his musical troubles were not at an end. His cello teacher confirmed Woodman's opinion that Charlie had a good ear, and could pick up anything. He therefore neglected to teach him the correct fingerboard positions. Because of this Mingus was unable to read music properly, and so was denied admission to his high school band—a humiliation which still rankles.

It was not until several years later that Mingus found the best instrument suited to his particular aptitudes, when he began studying the bass with Red Callender. Then, the summer before he graduated from high school, he went to San Francisco to live with Farwell Taylor, a painter, and his wife, both of whom encouraged Charlie to become a composer.

It was during this time that Charlie had his personal confrontation with death. What successfully carried him through this dark period in his life was a love affair with a girl who later became his wife, and his new-found desire to write music.

For five years thereafter, Charlie studied the bass with H. Rhein-schagen, formerly of the New York Philharmonic, grounding himself in the mechanics of music. At the same time, he received thorough practical training at the hands of such jazzmen as Art Tatum, Kid Ory, Louis Armstrong, Charlie Parker, Stan Getz, Duke Ellington, and Bud Powell.

But even then his musical troubles were far from over. After he had set up the Charles Mingus Jazz Workshop in New York City in 1957, and had won the respect and acclaim of the

— turn to page 24

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MINGUS, from page 22

general listening public as well as fellow musicians, he still found it rough sledding. As late as 1960, few agencies would book him.

"I'm telling you," Mingus said, "it's a bitch to be out of work, knowing you have something to say. I had to book my own group."

Mingus well knew that his reputation as a fighter had preceded him into every agency in New York. He thought this unfair, for, according to him, that unenviable reputation was greatly exaggerated.

"I've only had three fights since I've been in New York," he said. "One was when I took my band on the road for the first time. One of the guys in the band was late for the job. He was a junkie and when I got mad at him he pulled a knife on me. I only hit him because he had the knife. I didn't want to hit because I loved the cat. He's my friend today. He knows I was right."

The second fight was in the Music Barn in Lenox.

"The other fight," Charlie continued, "was when two cats jumped Max Roach from behind. I put them out and that's when my reputation actually started. I liked it because I was still a coward."

Even after he made his first album for Columbia in 1959, "Mingus Ah Um," which he claims sold 90,000 copies, and after he had received over 200 contracts from BMI, the music publishers, for his compositions, Mingus still felt he was not getting a fair shake musically and financially.

In the summer of 1960, he protested against what he called the injustice of the Newport Jazz Festival. He had played at the festival for the past several years for little more than scale, but, now that he was a bigger name, he felt he should be getting more money.

He decided to organize his own Newport Festival. In order to get other musicians to go in with him, he publicly accused the regular festival of being Jim Crow. It was a ridiculous charge, for most of the performers at Newport were Negro, and George Wein, the promoter, even had a Negro wife. Nevertheless, Mingus persisted until friends talked him out of it. He managed to gather together a handful of fairly well known musicians, and he opened his "festival" on the lawn of the Cliff Walker Manor hotel in Newport at the same hour and day as the regular festival.

On his first night, Mingus managed to draw only 40 people. On his peak night, an audience of about 500 people turned up, hardly a success when contrasted to the thousands who daily

flocked to the regular festival.

Realizing he was in financial hot water, Mingus did an about-face and asked George Wein to officially endorse his rump festival. When Wein declined, Mingus, according to a story in the *Newport Daily News*, threatened to kill Wein "in front of 10,000 people," and to throw acid in his face. Later, Mingus said he hadn't said "acid," but "ask 'im," meaning ask Louis Lorillard, the backer of the regular festival, for financial aid.

Mingus was unsuccessful in his attempt to compete with the Newport Jazz Festival that year, and afterwards gave up the idea. Since then, he has become a regular attraction at Newport, and is once again on good terms with George Wein, who booked his last ill-fated European tour.

Mingus, then, has had his troubles, both racially and musically. It is easy to see why such a man feels frustrated and impotent before forces he feels he cannot control. In his youth, he was believed to be too stupid to learn, and he had to go through several instruments before he finally settled on the right one. He therefore feels that he must constantly prove himself to others as well as to himself, and apparently has a compulsion to make up for all the time lost during the lonely years before he discovered where he belonged musically.

In the middle of a set, Mingus might suddenly stop the music and publicly rebuke one of his musicians for not playing the music correctly. He has even, on occasion, slapped or hit a musician while on the bandstand. But other musicians are not the only ones whom Mingus abruptly turns against. His audiences also come in for a share of his wrath.

During the last week in June, in the Five Spot Cafe in New York City, Mingus roundly denounced a table of Negroes for talking during his performance.

"You goddam niggers ought to stay up in Harlem where you belong," he reportedly said. "When you come down here, you gotta listen like everybody else."

Joe Termini, owner of the Five Spot, says that "Mingus is explosive and hot-tempered. He is devoted to his music. He's happy when it goes well, but when it doesn't he lashes out at everybody — musicians, audience — everybody."

Because of his unpredictable temper Mingus has never been able to hold a band together for any length of time. His bands change so frequently that, as one music critic commented, "he should hang up a blackboard above the bandstand so that the audience can keep track of who's playing with

him on a particular night."

An ex-employee of the Five Spot said of him that he is "insulting, abusive, and frequently disgusting to the audience as well as to his musicians, whom he frequently humiliates. He thinks he's God and has a right to judge others, but he's just a fat-headed egoist."

But, Mingus is almost universally respected within the profession, and almost all the musicians who have played with him comment about him in practically identical terms: "I learned a lot from him," or, "Mingus freed me musically." An ex-sideman of his, tenor-saxophonist Booker Ervin, put it this way: "The man is a genius. He puts a lot of pressure on the musicians, which is why they don't last long. I never had any hassles with him. I just played his music. That's what I was there for."

Though he "puts a lot of pressure on the musicians," few seem to mind it, for apparently Mingus allows them greater freedom of expression than any other bandleader or composer. In contrast to other jazz composers, Mingus does not write out a full score and ask his musicians to play it note for note. Instead, he lays down a general mood within which the musicians may freely improvise.

"I 'write' compositions," Mingus said, "but only on mental score paper. Then I play out the composition part by part to the musicians. I play them the framework on piano so that they are all familiar with my interpretation and feeling and with the scale progressions to be used."

Mingus' music is a combination of dixieland, swing, bebop and the dissonance of modern jazz. Any one of his tunes may contain enough different rhythms and melodies to comprise a complete book for a musical comedy score. Basic to all of his music is a feeling for blues and church music.

"A lot of my music came from church," Mingus said. "All the music I heard when I was a very young child was church music. I was eight- or nine-years-old before I heard an Ellington record on the radio. My father went to the Methodist Church; my stepmother would take me to a Holiness Church. My father didn't dig my mother going there. People went into trances and the congregation's response was wilder and more uninhibited than in the Methodist Church. The blues was in the Holiness Churches — moaning and riffs and that sort of thing between the audience and the preacher. My sister had a trio, and we used to play in the Methodist Church occasionally."

Paradoxically, classical music also

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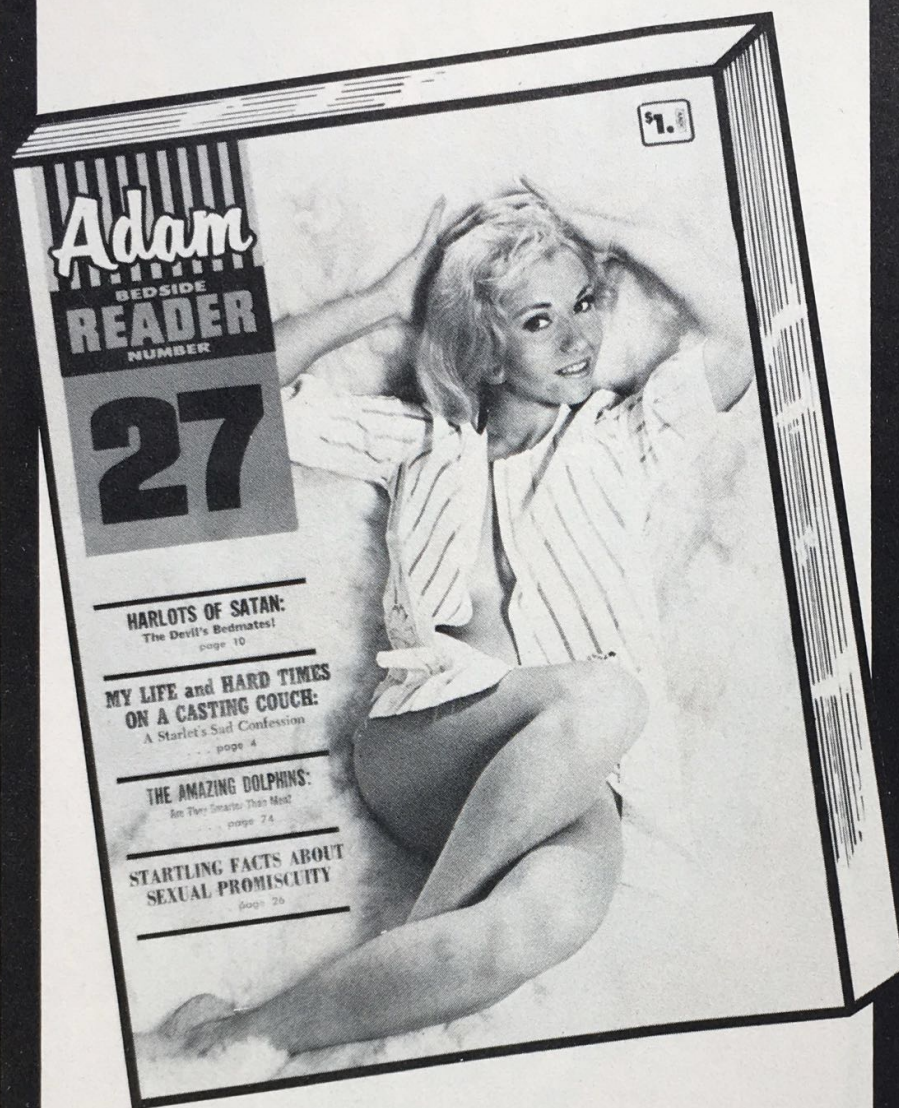
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MINGUS, from page 24

influenced his later style of playing and composing. While still in high school he was introduced to the music of Ravel and Debussy, who later became his favorite composers.

"I don't know why," he said, "but they did. I also dug Richard Strauss' *Death and Transfiguration*."

Duke Ellington, though, stands supreme as the greatest single influence on his music. In fact, church music and Ellington loomed so large in his childhood that he sometimes forgets to mention the classical influences.

Dizzy Gillespie, the eccentric trumpeter who, along with Charlie Parker, created a whole new idiom of jazz in the middle-'Forties, said that "There are only two geniuses of the bass; Oscar Pettiford and Charlie Mingus." Pettiford is now dead, but Mingus goes on year after year as the unparalleled king of the bass players.

On the bandstand, Mingus is a monolithic dynamo who, hawk-eyed and rabbit-eared, keeps careful tab of his musicians, like a nervous stagefather anxiously eyeing his children from the wings. He urges on each of the musicians, in turn, by stamping his feet, shouting, or loudly muttering ejaculations of surprise, approval or damnation.

He presents an odd contrast to his immaculately dressed sidemen. Usually, he wears a black tee-shirt partially covered with a black leather vest. Tight levis taper into bare, sandalled feet. Around his neck hangs a bead necklace, an ikon of some Cuban voodoo cult, a member of which gave it to Charlie when she visited the club. Dangling on the end of the necklace is a woman's wristwatch, likewise a gift from a young woman.

Mingus stands in the center of the bandstand. He stares above the heads of the audience, as if beholding a vision which none but he can see. When he plays his bass, he plucks, pats, pulls, caresses and slides over the strings as if he alternately loved and hated the instrument. If the music is going well his light brown, Buddha-like face might light up in a joyful smile, while he shouts out, "Yeah, yeah!" or "That's it! That's it!" Otherwise, he might turn to one of his sidemen with an angry mien, irascibly pulling on the strings of the bass to demonstrate the correct way to play his music.

A gourmet, chess-player and devoted family man is how Mingus has been privately described. He has been married twice, the first marriage ending in a divorce which considerably upset him. In the liner notes to one of his albums, "Tijuana Moods," he says:

— turn to page 28



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Dear Althea:

A few days ago while reading your column, I said to myself, "John, maybe Althea can help solve your problem." You see, I'm madly in love with a girl who won't even speak to me.

In the summer of 1964, I dated and fell in love with the most beautiful girl in the world. We dated until one day I was suddenly cut out.

Ever since then I've been trying to figure what it was that I had done wrong. Never had the thought of being fresh with her even occurred to me.

She is now 17 and four years younger than I, but a woman she certainly is. I've never dated another girl since then, (even though it would be extremely simple for me) in hopes that she and I may be together again.

Althea, I beg of you, please **HELP** me for I dream of her every day.

John Boucher
U.S.N.

Dear John:

Has the thought occurred to you that maybe your little 17-year-old would rather have you be a little fresh? She may feel you are treating her like a child which is the last thing she would want at that age. Try being a little more aggressive with her; if that doesn't work I would suggest forgetting her. Love can only work if it is a two-way affair.

* * *

Dear Althea:

I would like to say first that I enjoy your column very much. Your honest answers to the many questions save a lot of embarrassment, I'm sure, to both men and women. Keep up the good work. Now, to the question: I am wondering just how far oral-gratification should go in respect to satisfaction.

H.A.L.
Durham, N.C.

Dear H.A.L.:

Thank you for the compliment, and the answer to your question is the same as the answer to practically any question concerning sexual methods. That is: It is completely up to the individuals involved.

* * *

Dear Althea:

This is a rather personal letter for me to write to anybody let alone a girl I have never met before.

I am in the United States Navy and about eight days ago we were down in Taiwan. The question is would you go against sex if this was the first time you ever went to bed with a girl, and she gave you the clap. I know you may not answer, but I was wondering if I should try to learn how to give a girl pleasure or just give up.

Since I am in the Far East this might be a wonderful time to try to learn. The girls in Japan are very helpful.

C.R.H.

Dear C.R.H.:

You pays your quarter — you takes your chances!

* * *

Dear Althea:

Being single and at the tender age of 22, we fail to see how you could possibly be an advisor and consultant on reader's questions, no matter how intimate. We wouldn't pay a nickel to see one of your third rate movies such as "The Golden Bra," it must truly stink. Furthermore, we think you're a prime example of sheer ugliness not to mention the least. We've been out to sea now for 30 days and your picture fails to move us. You're also much too fat to be a stripper. Did you ever take a good look at yourself? A prime example of yourself would be imagining an elephant in a bikini.

We hope this upsets you for maybe you'll give up that lousy question and answer column on the pages of "ADAM," it really stinks.

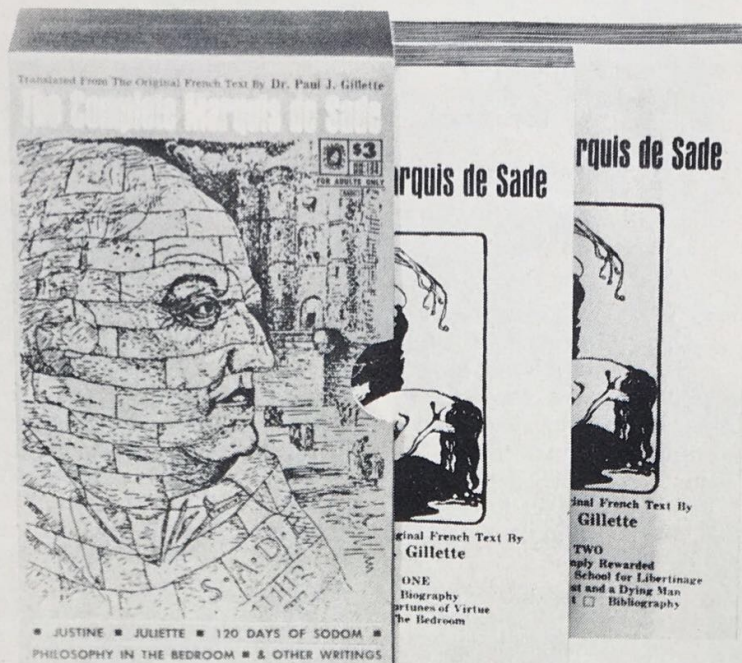
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USS INGRAHAM

Dear members of the USS INGRAHAM:

I feel sorry for any MAN who has been away from women as long as you. It seems to have gotten to you. I would suggest you find out what a woman is all about next time you're in port, if you have the courage. As for the column, as long as readers write for advice I plan to continue writing it.

* * *

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MINGUS, from page 26

"All the music in this album was written during a very blue period in my life. I was minus a wife and in flight to forget her with an expected dream in Tijuana. But not even Tijuana could satisfy."

A short while before this breakup Mingus voluntarily committed himself to Bellevue Hospital. He says he did this because of the race problem, and to get away from the gangsters who are involved in many jazz enterprises, but friends say it was also because of the hassles he was having with his wife. He was discharged in November, 1958, whether "cured" or not no one can say.

But that was yesterday; a yesterday in which Mingus sported a shaggy beard and tipped the scales at an obese 260 pounds. Today, his private life seems to be running more smoothly, if physical appearances mean anything. Besides shaving off his beard and dramatically losing 80 pounds, he is married again and is the father of three children.

His last son, Eric, was named after Eric Dolphy, a young jazz musician who played with Mingus off and on for several years, and who recently died of a heart attack in Europe. After his death Charlie took two days off from his gig at the Five Spot and flew to Dolphy's funeral in California. He did this as much to pay his last respects as to comfort Dolphy's mother.

This, to those who know him, illustrates Mingus' warm-hearted generosity. But, according to others, "it takes a dead man to make him open up."

Mingus has quirks which might be described as eccentric. One of these is his dislike for being called "Charlie." During an interview on French radio earlier this year, he told the interviewer, Daniel Dorian: "My name is Charles, not Charlie. That is the name of a horse and not a human being. My father called me Charles, and I don't see why other people call me Charlie."

Another of his quirks involves his dislike of music critics. On the same interview mentioned above, Charlie's opening remarks were: "I don't believe in critics. I don't give a damn for them all. Anyway, the only real good critics are the ordinary people who buy my records and who like listening to jazz. These are shopkeepers, milkmen, soldiers."

Several months later he threatened to hit a critic from *Down Beat* who had, according to Charlie, unjustly carped his blues singing with that of professional blues singers. "No one can sing my blues but me (if you must call

it singing)," he said, "just as no one can holler for you if I decide to punch you in your mouth. So don't come near me ever in this life."

Mingus' dislike of critics apparently stems from his belief that they all misunderstand him. This is perhaps why he has shown a propensity in recent years for writing his own liner notes, although most record companies use staff writers for this purpose. In the liner notes for one of his albums, he states: "It has taken me many years of being misunderstood — (critics wanted to pigeonhole me and stylize me, saying 'Mingus uses whistles and effects' when I used them on only one piece out of thirty or forty different recorded compositions) — to finally find acceptance for my point that a composer writing twenty pieces should write twenty pieces that are different."

But Mingus' writing is not confined to the drab undersides of record albums. He is currently working on an autobiography for McGraw-Hill, for which he will be paid \$15,000. He has tentatively titled this book, "One-Half Yellow — Colored Nigger," or, "Beneath the Underdog."

"Yellow- and so-forth-colored nigger is what I'm called by Max Roach, Miles Davis and the majority of the darker Negroes," Mingus said. "Isn't that ridiculous? No, they get it from the white man, why is it ridiculous? Miles told me: 'You can't play the blues, you're not black enough.'"

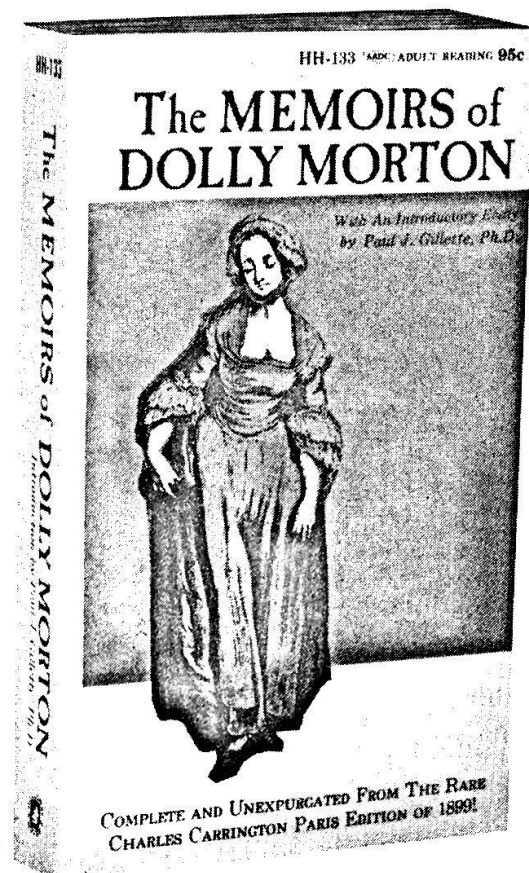
Whether Mingus is writing a book or playing music he is not a man to be easily ignored. Like a disturbed adolescent who lets his emotions run away with him, Mingus refuses to hold himself back.

He "may never 'grow up' in the usual sense in which most of us who leash our feeling use that term," said Nat Hentoff. "Just as he's likely to remain unpredictable personally, his music is difficult to chart ahead... Mingus has been blessed and cursed with insatiable curiosity and an unceasing compulsion to cut beneath the words he and everyone use to describe feeling."

After all is said and done, it is difficult to pin down this untamed giant of jazz. Insecure, moody, impatient, violent, at times friendly and generous, he remains an enigma to himself as well as to others. But, as Nat Hentoff concludes, "He's constantly probing through his explosions, musical and others, to find out what he is becoming. As a result, he's sometimes inchoate in his conversation and compositions, but he never plays it safe and hides."

Fighting — not hiding — that is perhaps the only way to describe Charlie Mingus, "the fighting bass player."

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THE ACTOR AND

When a Hollywood sex symbol gets to a Broadway actor the results can be pretty sad—or funny!

HI, MIMI. David. David Ashley. Oh, Luv, I'm exhausted. Just flew in from Hollywood. Yeah. Did a film. A *horror*. If I still had a million bucks, I'd pay to keep it from being distributed. What they did to the original script my agent showed me is not to be believed. Those people are mad—*absolutely mad*. Thank God, my little ole feet are right back here on Seventy Second Street and Park Avenue. New York is for me, Baby. Why, I ended up playing a middle-aged sex maniac pursuing a bunch of teenagers all over the beach at Malibu. It's not for real. Me, at thirty—well, thirty-one—on my next birthday, playing this depraved creature, in the original script was a suave, debonair young man of the world—a jet-setter. One of the beautiful people. You know what I mean?

— turn the page



THE TELEPHONE

by BRETT HOWARD



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ACTOR, from page 31

Well, Baby, it didn't come off that way.

In the first place the cast was not to be believed. *Where*, I asked myself, WHERE did they find these Amazons? Their thighs are as big as my darling Mother's hips, and she's had children. Well one child, that is, Me. And they're teenagers! Not one over twenty. Baby, in Hollywood, if you're past thirty, you're dead. I mean it. An old friend of mine—you may remember her, Susan Payne, the one I was mad for when I was on the intellectual kick. She kept her B.C. pills in her great-grandmother's snuff box. Well, Susie told me... she's teaching in a progressive school out there that she put words on the blackboard for the kids to fill in the opposite like good-bad, you know what I mean? And what do you think those little Hollywood bastards wrote opposite "YOUTH?" You'll never believe it—"DEATH!"

It's unreal! I told her she ought to send it to the New Yorker and make herself a fast five bucks.

And, if you think I'm exaggerating one little bit about the youth thing, you should hear what happened about Leslie Rice, remember the girl who played with me in that off-Broadway thing last year that was like Salinger, only it ended up just being bad Salinger and who needs that? But she was a fine actress and about twenty-six, I'd guess. You'd say twenty-eight. You would... all women are bitches—even you. Yes, you are, darling, when you get involved with other women's ages. Well, any way, I still love you, you old bag... but the point is one day in the commissary I was telling the director about her. He was going to direct a film that she was perfect for. Just like it had been written for her. I mentioned her name and told him she just happened to be visiting in Hollywood... well, it was almost true. She was in San Francisco. And, he got all excited until he asked me her age and when I said, "About twenty-six," he shrugged his shoulder and said, "She's too old. It's not worth the studio's time. By the time she made it she'd be thirty, and by then she's had it. Dead. Deader than dead." I just stared at him and in my most arrogant manner, and you know I can be pretty damned arrogant, I said, "Sir, have you ever heard of Miss Julie Harris, not to mention Miss Helen Hayes?" She was right there in Hollywood starring with ANTA, and it didn't mean a thing. He looked at me through his triple lens glasses and said, "Dead... so far as Hollywood goes, they're dead."

Well, I can tell you. I cut him right off my list right then and there. And he'll probably reciprocate by cutting

me out of the film. He would, too, the bastard, except that I've got feature billing and besides probably the best scene in the entire movie is the one where I chase all those teen-age Valkyrie—the ones with the thighs. The only thing is the shot should have been with them chasing me. As it is it's a gasser. Poor little ole me, hardly a hundred and fifty-five with my shoes on pursuing a group that would make the average 4-H Club lassie look anemic. Baby, when I saw those girls surfing my interest in youth began to wane. I'll give them all to you know who, who's been snatching from the cradle since he was sixteen. He should have played my part except he can't act.

Not that this script called for acting or an actor. It called for an Olympics champion, and I mean a star in all sports. Well you know me. I never exercise a muscle out of bed. I get a headache.

But if you think the cast and the script and the director were for the birds you should have seen my leading lady, Miss Vanessa Dupre. 46-18-36. Oh, yes it is possible! Read her publicity releases. My dear, it was two days before I got to see her face. I took one look and put my head right back in Abrahams' Bosom. Luv, they were so large, I could hardly get close enough to her to kiss her in our big sex scene. Boy, what a scene! If that doesn't shake 'em in Hushpuckanie, nothing ever will. Old Davy Boy makes Valentino look like the original fairy queen. What did you say? No, I haven't read the book, I was quoting Edmund Spenser. It's a real title. Of a classic. I love you madly, but your education was really neglected.

Well, from the moment she stepped on the set, I knew I had to cool her or she'd freeze me right off the screen. She'd put her cleavage right under the camera and the great Ashley profile would never be seen in that flicker, so I came on strong with the love bit, almost to the point of swooning.

You read about us in the papers? Well, sure we became an item. A delicate flower of the old school, like me, can hardly date a broad whose been the sweetheart of the All-American Football teams since she was twelve, without upsetting the apple-cart. Besides, don't be jealous, it was a publicity stunt. My agent went along with it. Said it would improve my male image. God, it nearly wrecked it!

You should have seen her the first date we had. I was staying at the Beverly Wilshire — no, not that dump in Beverly Hills — that's no longer chic ... this is the old one in downtown Beverly Hills. Yeah, it's chic, now.

— turn to page 36

A daring book definitely not authorized by Playboy

POINT YOUR TAIL IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

by Jeri Emmett

America's new "morality for sophisticates" is put in perspective by this hilariously witty book. Jeri Emmett, an escapee from the Playboy Bunny hutchers pricks the super-sexed fantasy bubble that has shrouded the Playboy Clubs since the first key was turned. The "Look, but don't touch!" philosophy of the bunny clubs isn't quite so true as Mr. Hefner would have the world believe. Jeri's experiences as a Playboy Bunny take off with a gallop from her first interview where she is asked to answer such questions as: "What do you think of bailing?" Can a small town girl make good in an "If you don't swing, don't ring" world?

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by Cy Rice

This book is the controversial true story of Gladys Towles Root, a woman who became America's most flamboyant defense attorney. Her specialty was defending alleged homosexuals, child molesters, prostitutes, rapists, peeping toms, and accused murderers. A campaigner in a very controversial field, she began accepting morals cases as a matter of principle when other attorneys refused. The accused, once represented by Gladys Root felt certain that he had in his corner a brilliant legal battler who could influence the odds for acquittal. The story of Gladys Root is an exciting adventure; a true to life story filled with the pathos of the damned and the jubilation of the acquitted. Don't miss it!

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BUILDER IN A BIKINI

Bikini clad British actress June Wilkinson steals the show during the topping off ceremony of the U.S. pavilion (background) at the Montreal, Canada, site of the 1967 World Exhibition.



LINE OF COURAGE

Motorcyclist plunges over a live hurdle at an exhibition of the Royal Artillery Display Team in London.



WET 'N' WONDERFUL

Claudia Cardinale, Italian sex symbol, gets wetted down for a scene with Tony Curtis in *Don't Make Waves*.



GREAT CATCH

Shapely actress Sharon Tate bounces off a trampoline into the brawny arms of David Draper—the current “Mr. America”—during the filming of the Filmways-MGM movie *Don't Make Waves*.

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HALLOWEEN IS OVER, HONEY!

When it comes to style, The Rolling Stones put the other Longhairs to shame. The British pop-singers are dressed up to illustrate their new song: "Have you seen your Mother, Baby, Standing in the Shadow?"

SMILING TWOSOME

Actress Jane Fonda and her husband, film director Roger Vadim smile broadly as they arrive in Venice, Italy to attend the famed Venice Film Festival.



'round-the-world

FRANKENSTEIN CREATION?

Lovely actress Susan Denberg makes an appearance at the premiere of 20th's *The Bible*. Miss Denberg just finished filming *Frankenstein Created Women*.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Actor Sean Connery gets a soothing bath by three admiring beauties on the set of the new James Bond movie, *You Only Live Twice*, at Pinewood Studios, London.



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ACTOR, from page 33

Well, anyway, I go out the door and I almost went right back in when I saw her. I thought the doorman holding the door for me was going to have a heart attack. Poor guy. There she was in her lemon yellow Rolls, mind you... *lemon yellow*, in a yellow lemon chiffon number that if it had been cut one inch shorter would have shown her belly button, where I'm told she wears a canary diamond. And, wait until you dig this! She's got on long white kid *opera* gloves and in one hand she's carrying a double-sized Wil Wright lemon ice-cream cone. You've got to believe it. It's true. And when we started driving—and she's at the wheel, her God-damned chiffon scarf blows right into my face so I can't see a damn thing. Then it's right around my neck and I think JESUS CHRIST, she's gonna pull an Isadora Duncan, only I'm going to be the victim.

EVIL? Baby, you'll never know how evil. Just let me tell you. Well, in a sly way, I started calling her Miss V.D. first to the stage hands, then to the prop men and finally to the cast. Well, when they heard it, it broke them up. Especially those big thighed broads. Did they ever hate her? Anyway, finally it got to her, and she flashed those killer eyes all over the set and if looks could have killed every person they would have been deader than a brace of quail in hunting season.

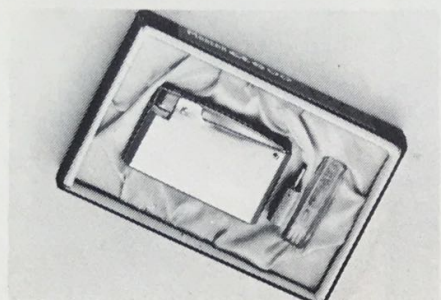
What do you mean... what do I know about hunting quail? Are you trying to put me on? WELL, that's better.

Anyway, this hot courtship goes on. We're seen here, there, everywhere—Vegas, Palm Springs, the Whiskey a-Go-Go, the Cock an' Bull, Frascatti's... we're as lovey as a pair of doves in mating season. I'm going along on this merry-go-round for the sake of the picture and besides my agent assures me it's safe—she's engaged to some Puerto Rican baseball player. Her first husband was a wrestler. She's queer for muscles. She damned nearly dropped dead one day when I appeared at lunch with a small book under my arm. The fact that it was Petronius' *Satyricon* didn't upset her, it was the idea that it was a book! Then she gets the idea one week-end when we weren't shooting to go to Tijuana. I'm bored so I go along. Well, we no sooner get across the border than her big blue eyes, even under those black falsies that came half way down her cheeks like shades, spots those signs... you cant miss 'em—MARRIAGE LICENSES—DIVORCE DECREES. I'm not kidding you. In the same office, the same guy doing both tricks. Well, she gets me stoned on tequila and says it would

— turn to page 77

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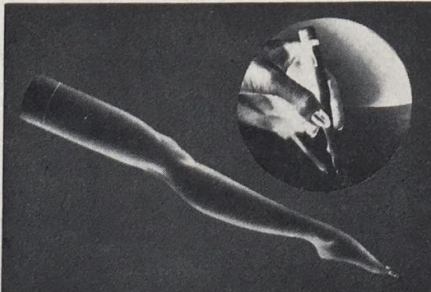
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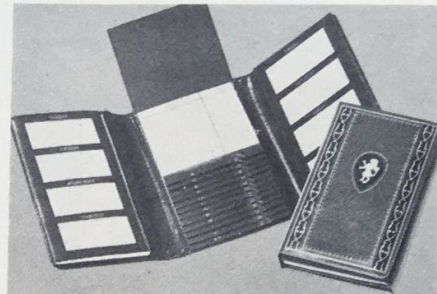
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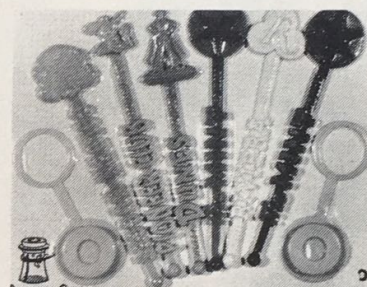
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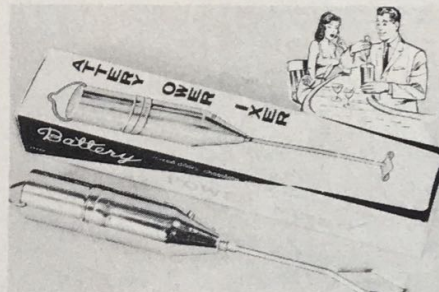
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She shakes up the audience in a Paris club called "Le Sexy"

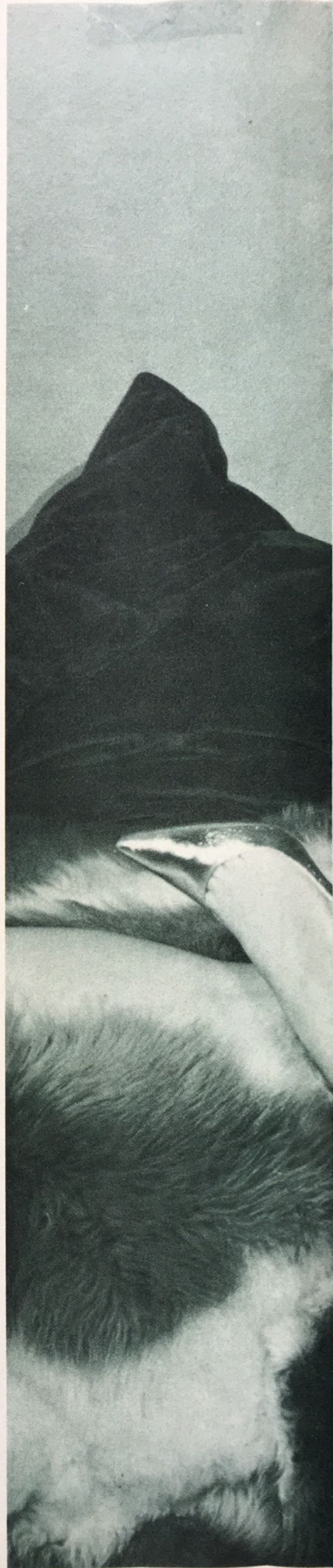
CLASSY, FRENCH, AND FEMININE

SOPHIE RIEU (36-24-35) is a Parisian gal who has been dancing for some time now in an off-beat club called "Le Sexy."

A professional dancer, Sophie is interested in musical comedy and "possibly a film career."

Sophie is a "night-people" who loves to sleep most of the day, and spend long hours into the night with some of her dancer friends "just talking" in a coffee shop.

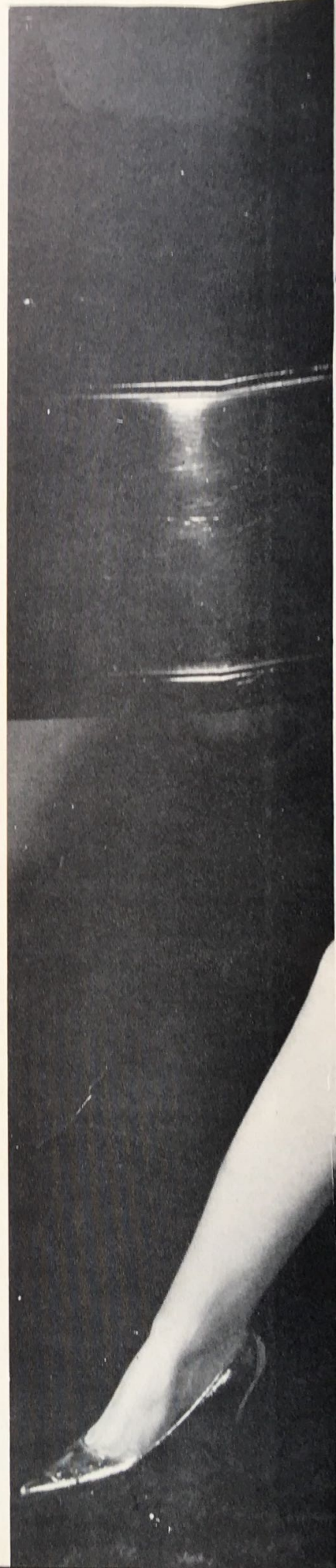
We asked Sophie her favorite spot in Paris. "Well, I would consider the gardens of the Tuileries the most beautiful area of Paris, a must for tourists."







Sophie is a
neat 90-60-88
(centimeters)





"An area that would probably interest many of your readers is the Boulevard St. Michel on the south bank, near the Sorbonne. It is a student area and is filled with interesting people," she added. All we can say is if she goes there it's recommendation enough. ❁





ADAM's Eve

Sophie Rieu

BOOKS:

The tale of Barbarella, the modern vamp with long hair, golden skin and a fondness for nudity . . .

BARBARELLA by Jean-Claude Forest. Grove Press. \$5.95.

WE AMERICANS have always taken our comic strips for granted; we've read 'em, enjoyed 'em and waited for the next installment, without, for the most part, bothering to ponder their techniques or their effect on us. In France, though, the American comic strip has long been regarded as a serious art form by intellectuals. (We are now beginning to follow the European vogue of analyzing to death the artistic and sociological significance of the comics, but for many years only the French took them seriously.) Americans seem to relate naturally to that odd world of the adventure strips where wild extremes of beauty and brutality, romance and horror, cozily co-exist. The French seem to have felt compelled to rationalize and justify their fascination with this unique phenomenon by subjecting it to microscopic study. After analyzing our comics, they began to imitate them, with, in recent years, very interesting results. All this by way of introduction to a new, hard-cover, French comic book.

Barbarella is a collection of science-fiction strips about the exploits of a sexy inter-planetary adventuress. Her creator, Jean-Claude Forest, is a well-known illustrator and cartoonist. He was one of the founders (along with some top writers and film directors) of the Comic Strip Club of France — which isn't a fan club, but an organization whose stated goal is "to study the comic strip as a significant form of expression in the 20th century." The first episode of *Barbarella* was published in 1962 in a Paris magazine called *V*. Forest intended it primarily for his own amusement and the amusement of his friends, but the strip caught on outside art circles and eventually sold 20,000 copies in book form in 1964. It was introduced to American readers in the literary journal, *Evergreen Review*, and Grove Press has just issued the whole series in one handsome 10 x 13" volume. A film version of the strip is currently in production in France, with Jane Fonda in the title role.

But what about Barbarella herself?

Here is how the French literary weekly, *Arts*, described her in 1962:

"Barbarella is a beautiful girl with long hair, golden skin, and a strange, sweet name. Clothes cramp her style, and she usually appears in various stages of undress. But nudity doesn't cheapen her; she remains mysterious—fragile yet invincible. This wild creature, realistic and crafty, is the archetype of the modern female . . . she is the modern vamp, the woman who offers herself from billboards, ads and movies, the incarnation of the eroticism of today. She is the liberated woman who constantly controls her own destiny rather than submitting to the dictates of men; and, since she is the mistress of her own fate, she can pick and choose the men she desires."

Barbarella's quest takes place on the planet of Lythion, where she has had to make a forced landing after traveling through outer space alone in her rocket—in flight from an unhappy love affair. Her encounters with a wide variety of hideous monsters and handsome lovers are ingeniously conceived, outrageous and often very funny. (My favorite villains are Stomoxys and Glossina, the Twin Princesses of Yesteryear — two sadistic teenage brats, incongruously garbed in Victorian hoopskirts, who torment Barbarella with man-eating wind-up dolls.) Our Heroine is finally rescued from Lythion by one of her boy-friends, a blind angel named Pygar. Since he also, with angelic impartiality, rescues her arch-enemy, the beautiful, one-eyed, lesbian Queen of Sogo, we are given to understand that Barbarella's adventures may someday be continued on another planet.

When *Barbarella* first appeared in Paris, it was hailed by French critics for having "the same audacity and originality . . . of the American comic strips of the early days." Well, not quite. *Barbarella* is certainly imaginative enough, but it lacks a lot of the bazazz of our American comic classics. Forest's drawings are excellent, but a bit finicky, without the bold, vulgar, eye-grabbing simplicity of the best Yank cartoonists. And his captions are rather more wordy and more "literary" than they should be. After all, one of the reasons that writers and film

makers admire cartoonists is for their ability to create characters and move a story along with a *minimum* of dialogue. But, of course, these strips were created for a special readership, not for the daily paper. This is not to say they aren't fun. They are. Aimed at the same audience as the paintings of the American Pop Art school, Forest's work is more likely to reach a wider public, since it is refreshingly free of the campy, patronizing tone of the work of Warhol & Co., etc. Forest keeps his tongue in his cheek, but he also tells a good story—not as good as *Flash Gordon*, maybe, but amusing and absorbing.

Barbarella is also a comic strip "for adults only"—not because it is beyond children's comprehension, but because of its overt eroticism. Here's where the French strips part company with the great American comics. There's plenty of implicit sexuality in *Lil' Abner* and *Terry and the Pirates*, but Daisy Mae and the Dragon Lady never bared their breasts nor submitted openly to men—as Barbarella does in every episode.

The ecstatic critic from *Arts* concluded his review by calling Barbarella "a truly mythic character," and asserted: "Jean-Claude Forest has given us a modern epic." Ho hum. Even something that starts out as a game is liable to assume instant-heroic proportions in the eyes of the symbol-hunters. Why not just enjoy the girl, instead of trying to make her a pop drag Odysseus? The good thing about *Barbarella* is that it *can* be enjoyed, and to hell with looking for implications that aren't, and don't have to be, there.

David B. Lewis

RECORDS:

A GROUP BY THE name of *The Happenings* (there are four of them, all male) have finally been released on an album bearing their name by a recording company bearing the odd label of B. T. Puppy Records. The LP, recorded about three years ago, has just now been distributed by Jubilee Records. I don't know why the long hiatus, but in the phonograph record industry these things *happen* for one reason or another, and now *The Happenings* are suddenly *happening* to make it. I can only assume that Dave, Bob, Tom and Ralph still *happen* to be around somewhere and are quickly reorganizing at the moment to take advantage of their current popularity. That is, if they haven't already. The group is a blending of The Beach Boys' a cappella togetherness with a touch of The Four Seasons' readily

manages to steal Jack Sheldon away from his TV series, "Run, Buddy, Run!", to lead a jazz band that's fresh and inventive, as well as technically pure. Equipped with a trumpet that he's been playing since he was approximately twelve years old, Sheldon has surrounded himself with a few of his old buddies, some of whom were fellow side-men in the Stan Kenton orchestra of the late fifties. Personally, I remember Sheldon's great tenor sax identifiable sound. As a matter of fact, I could almost swear that the falsetto over-dubs on the LP belong to Frankie, lead singer for the Seasons. "See You in September," and "Sealed With a Kiss" are included, both very popular "farewell-to-summer" standards with the teenager/surfer set. "Girl On a Swing," composed and sung by member Bob Miranda, is romantically melancholy. At least, to Miranda. Not to me. The most interesting track on the LP would be "Girls On the Go," a song written anonymously by someone called Brute Force. Try these lyrics of Mr. Force's (or could it be Miss Force's?) on for size: "She's a Baby of post-war America / And she's searching for values / From the Golden Gate to the wheat-fields of Kansas / To the traffic-jammed New York avenues..." Well, I wish her well and I hope she finds her "values" sooner than The Happenings have found theirs.

Gene Norman has currently produced a couple of extraordinarily fine albums in two very different fields for his Crescendo label, and they both deserve a little more than just a passing musical glance.

The first features the talented Arkansas, *Billy Lee Riley, In Action!!* Surrounded by the enthusiasm of a youthful, hand-clapping audience, Riley utilizes his "Nashville" sound and delivery to great advantage with a handful of songs that range from "Goodnight Irene" (American folk) to "Come a Little Bit Closer" (American rock) to "Guess Things Happen That Way" (American country) to "Kaw-Liga" (American Indian). It's probably not so coincidental that Riley, who once recorded for Sun Records in Memphis, Tennessee, should sound like a successful fusion of both the voices of Elvis Presley and Johnny Cash, since the two of them were originally discovered and exploited by Sun. Armed with his Baldwin 550 guitar and supported by a rhythm section that drives, Riley fires his Whiskey A Go Go sound through his Custom 1 amplifier and makes a bull's-eye on his target. In this case, an unsuspecting reviewer. An excellent ten-track album.

The other Crescendo LP somehow

solo on "Street Scene" and the contemporary sound of his trumpet on "I Concentrate On You" when the Kenton aggregation played the Las Vegas Tropicana, but that was quite a while ago. Here, on this new LP, that has been unimaginatively titled *Play, Buddy, Play!*, Sheldon leads such fantastic musicians as Lennie Niehaus, Billy Root, Art Pepper, Chet Baker, Pete Jolly, Red Callender, Conte Candoli and others of similar stature through a couple of standards and some clever originals, three penned by talented pianist, Paul Moer. The arranger is not listed, but I more than suspect that Niehaus had a heavy hand with added assistance from Sheldon himself. A fine, clean jazz performance that stands up on replay.

The *Fine and Mellow* piano of Roger Ram sifts easily through a few standards ("Let's Fall in Love," "Lover Man") and a few originals ("Later For Love," "Shook") on his first record for RCA Victor. In a style that is not even reminiscent of his "greatest influences," Fats Waller and Earl Hines, Ram has a style that is very much his own. His playing is both pleasing and exciting at the same time, without ever becoming redundant. I suppose he could be labeled a "club pianist" since he's played all the very best of them, but that wouldn't be quite fair because his piano is much more than a backdrop for cocktail conversation. When Ram entertains, you *have* to listen intently, as I did for all eleven tracks. Thanks should go to the able assistance he has throughout from Gary Burton, Al Lucas and Oliver Jackson. I might add my thanks, also, to A&R man, Brad McCuen, who first saw Ram and signed him to Victor, thereby bringing his great musicianship to a wider audience.

"In"-Citement by the Pair Extraordinaire on Liberty could have been the LP Extraordinaire, but unfortunately what the engineers have captured in this "live" performance at The Mecca in Buena Park, California, is a performance that's too "live." Carl Craig, who has a fantastic, *really* fantastic voice, and his friend, able bassist, Marcus Hemphill, are competent enough with music and material, but both get carried away with numerous "cute" asides and flatly unfunny interruptions during what could have turned out to be a series of dramatic and truly exciting musical interpretations. If the boys would only stop fooling around and take themselves (and their audience) a little more seriously, then perhaps the Pair Extraordinaire would live up to what their name implies.

—DANA WOODBURY



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THE HIGH ROLLERS

by FRANK KOLAR



Modern man has produced very few really high stakes gamblers but these were the biggest

THERE WERE FOUR men playing poker in a private compartment of a train en route from New York to Chicago when the door swung open. A nattily dressed young man—a product of an Ivy League college—stood in the doorway ■ “Which one of you is Bet-a-Million Gates?” he demanded. ■ John Gates turned slowly, sizing up the young fellow. “I am,” he said. ■ “Good,” said the intruder, “I want to get in the game.” Reaching into his pocket he extracted a roll of bills and counted them out on the playing table. There were exactly

—turn the page

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ROLLERS, from page 47

25 twenty dollar bills—\$500 in all. "Give me some chips," he said, loosening his tie.

Gates nodded at the game's banker. "Give him a chip."

John "Bet-a-Million" Gates was a high-roller of the first rank. He would match pennies at \$1,000 a pitch, or bet a bundle on a nag no one had ever heard of. He once won \$22,000 on a train between Chicago and Pittsburgh by betting on the speed of raindrops sliding down a window-pane.

Gambling history has witnessed a number of big plungers. It has seen the courageous, the wealthy, the foolhardy, the crooked, and even the welsers. Gambling is man's subtle answer to war.

High stakes, however, do not always mean big money—it depends on your definition. As far back as 2300 B.C., for instance, a desperate Chinaman would wager his hands, and if he lost, would cut them off! And an Indian tribe in the Western United States would mortgage their wives and daughters, which at second glance might be considered smart betting.

You might even consider the expenditure of physical labor a staggering bet. During World War II, one sergeant bet another that Franklin Delano Roosevelt would win the 1944 election. Roosevelt was the four-to-one favorite. The wager? 400 foxholes to 100 foxholes—the loser to do the digging.

To the compulsive high-roller, however, money is the name of the game. Probably the longest running poker game in history involved John Gates and a number of multi-millionaires. The game had been played, on and off, for nearly a year—a period in which Gates had lost nearly a million dollars. The tycoon, John Leiter, had won most of it and the game had turned into a two-man rivalry. It all culminated on a cold February night in New York's Waldorf-Astoria hotel.

The evening's action had been a virtual stand-off until Leiter suggested that the six players ante \$1000 apiece. The cards went around three times before anyone could open, the pot building nicely. On the fourth deal Gates hit three fours and opened for \$5000. Two players called, and then Leiter raised \$15,000. Gates and the other two called. The pot held a tidy 78 grand! Gates drew one card and Leiter stood pat. The other two players looked at their cards and dropped. Gates peeked at his drawn card. It had not improved his hand, so he checked.

Leiter tapped his pat-hand with a confident forefinger. "John," he said, "I'm afraid there's only one way to break a man of nasty habits like play-

ing poker. And that's by making the stakes too steep for him." He grinned. "It'll cost you \$30,000 to see my cards."

Gates contemplated for a long moment. Then he flashed his openers as per the rules, and threw his cards in. "I guess you've got me," he said.

Leiter turned up his cards, beaming with the big bluffer's dream. His hand was comprised of an ace, a king, a three, and a lowly pair of sevens.

Obviously, even the gutsy Gates could be bluffed. For all his cool audacity Gates was just as much a loser as a winner. But always gracious and generous in either event.

Since bridge was another of his favorite card games, Gates used to hold frequent Saturday afternoon sessions in his New York office. On one occasion one of the regular players was missing, and a young businessman who was present was asked to make a fourth. The youth, while not quite on the dole, was far from solvent enough to be playing in the big leagues. It was only natural that he would ask the fabled Bet-a-Million Gates what the stakes were.

"Just a little game," Gates replied, "one a point."

Even a dollar a point was pretty stiff, but the young man felt he was a pretty fair bridge player and that he could at least stay afloat. Playing a cautious and smart game, he had accumulated 330 points at the game's finish. The next day a check was delivered to his office. To his astonishment the sum was written out for \$33,000! Could it be possible that Gates had meant \$100 a point?

Rattled and honest, the young businessman called Gates and told him that he hadn't realized that they'd been playing for that kind of money. He offered to return the paltry difference of \$32,670.

"Don't be a damn fool," snapped Gates. "You won it, so what the hell are you kicking about?"

Gates' reputation became so widespread that any self-respecting sporting man wanted to challenge him just for the privilege of saying he had played with the great Gates. But unlike the young man who wanted to sit in a poker game with a meager \$500, a group of Southern gentlemen in Memphis, Tennessee, pooled together fifty grand.

Gates was in town that weekend for the horse races, and that afternoon's session had netted him a sizeable sum. The three gentlemen went to his hotel and were invited up to his room. A spokesman explained that they would consider it an honor to play poker with him.

Gates was unimpressed. "How much

money you got?"

The spokesman extracted two wads of bills. "Fifty thousand dollars," he said proudly.

"Okay," Gates said, reaching into his pocket for a silver dollar, "I'll flip you for it."

While Gates was unquestionably a high priest among high-rollers, there were a number of other gamblers who laid out exorbitant sums with reckless abandon. Pittsburgh Phil was so respected at the nation's race tracks that he merely had to raise a finger to place a bet. One finger stood for one grand, two for two, etc. More often than not he would hold up all ten digits. Pittsburgh Phil's word was as good, or better, than blue chip stock. He was never known to renege on a bet.

Like many game gamblers, Pittsburgh Phil stuck in there until the end. At the age of 59 he was committed to a tuberculosis sanatorium in Asheville, North Carolina. Sensing the end he asked the doctor to lay it on the line—how much time was left?

The doctor shook his head gravely. "Sorry Phil, but you haven't any longer than twenty-four hours."

"Oh yeah?" Phil retorted. "Bet you ten grand that I outlast that."

The good doctor took him on, writing out a check for \$10,000. Phil signed his name to a similar amount. Exactly twenty-four hours and thirty minutes later Phil died, his hands clasped about the checks, his lips parted in a sweet smile.

Another luminary in the Golden Age of Gambling was the legendary Diamond Jim Brady. His encounters were numerous, but his methods at times were devious. One lucrative evening revolved around the 1896 presidential election between Republican William McKinley and Democrat William Jennings Bryan.

The Republican headquarters were located in New York's Fifth Avenue hotel, and the high-rollers were laying loot all over the joint. Brady was betting on how many votes the Republican party would garner in any particular state. Taking all the action he could find, he would leave the big bettors every fifteen minutes, explaining that he wanted to place more bets at the bar.

The bar was his destination, all right, but it was located *across* the street. That's where the Hoffman House stood—headquarters for the Democratic party. Inside the bustling lobby a cohort was busy calculating results and trends as fast as returns were being telegraphed in. Brady's predictions turned out to be quite accurate—to the tune of \$200,000!

The notorious Arnold Rothstein was
—turn to page 50

The amazing experiences of a female district attorney!

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by Terrys T. Olender (former Los Angeles Deputy D.A.)

Terrys T. Olender was the first woman lawyer to prosecute "male cases" involving murder, robbery, and sex crimes. Her account of her experiences told in clipped, factual terms sets the courtroom scenes in an unusually vivid way. Every bit of tension and suspense of her most important cases is delivered with gusto and reality. Her story, from passing the bar examination to becoming an influential figure in Los Angeles law is a thrilling one. It's a realistic account of one woman's adventure as she hurdles her co-worker's natural resentment toward feminine participation in legal prosecution. The book is rough and realistic, yet it palpitates with a positive, humane quality. Don't miss it!

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by Leona Gage (Miss U.S.A.)

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LADIES ON CALL

by Lee Francis

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I AM NOT ASHAMED

by Barbara Payton

The Barbara Payton who wrote this book is a \$5.00-a-night whore, a middle-aged "wino" who bears little resemblance to the glamorous actress who earned \$10,000.00 a week and was married to Franchot Tone. What happened to Barbara Payton is not very pretty. Hollywood publicists don't talk about it. Newspapers only carry stories of her arrests. Only in a book such as this can you read the true story of Barbara Payton and how she sold her body and soul to achieve Stardom. How every shred of decency and self-respect was stripped from her and she was forced to satisfy depraved passions in order to win favors.

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ROLLERS, from page 49

a formidable figure until his violent death in 1928. He once had a head-to-head match with the famed (and honest) Nick the Greek. It was a dice game that made craps history. Both were considered the best "natural" throwers in the business, but on that historic night Rothstein took Nick the Greek for \$600,000!

Rothstein had guts . . . and a somewhat larcenous nature. On the first Dempsey-Tunney fight he won a fat 500 grand. But luck has a way of taking flip-flops. On a bad night in 1928 he lost \$340,000 on cutting for high card—a fast and furious way to drop a bundle. Since his luck had been going sour for some time, Rothstein welshed for the first time. It was to be his last.

After putting his creditors off for weeks, one of the disgruntled put a bullet-hole into him, and Rothstein died on election day of that year. Had he survived the night, he would have learned that Herbert Hoover won. And Rothstein, high-roller to the end, would have been richer by \$500,000!

There have been a number of instances where fantastic sums have been won in minutes. California's Lucky Baldwin once took \$200,000 in a single Faro deal from San Francisco's El Dorado Club. Harry Pyne bet and won a cool quarter-million on a horse

named Mother Goose. And, of course, as much has been lost in record time. Rothstein, who was to be the *complete* loser in the end, once lost a quarter-million on a horse named Sporting Blood. Both of those horse bets were the most ever laid at a track.

The wealthy have also had their share of flings, although the sting of defeat may not have hurt as much. Reggie Vanderbilt, of the Vanderbilts, found a unique way to celebrate his 21st birthday. His fellow Yale students accompanied him to a New York gambling house, where they watched in unabashed awe as roguish Reggie dropped \$70,000 of Daddy's hard-earned loot.

William K. Vanderbilt was another member of that illustrious clan. One evening he couldn't resist the lure of Richard Canfield's plush gambling casino in Saratoga, New York. Acting as an escort for two lovely young ladies, he decided that he was going to win enough to buy all three of them the most expensive dinner in town—one that would make a gorged gourmet drool. In the process he lost \$130,000. That figured out to about \$43,333.34 per dinner, not including tax.

While the Vanderbilts earned their money respectably (which means Daddy gave it to them), other high-rollers have been content to make their stake in the manner that best presented it-

self. Nevada's Professor Jack Davis was a much-admired big plunger in the roaring gold-mining days in Virginia City. In fact, the resourceful "professor" was the first train robber in the United States.

After a particularly lucrative haul of fifty grand in gold, he returned to his favorite losing spot, Virginia City's Crystal Saloon. He had no sooner rolled up his sleeves for a hard night's work of losing, when he was grabbed by the feds. The residents were thoroughly grief-stricken over their loss (and the Professor's ill-gotten gains). And the world lost another high-roller.

The years have seen some mighty big stakes, but a no-limit game that took place in 1889 catapulted big betting into the bizarre. It was the day that the poker championship of the entire West was to be decided, and it was held in Bowen's Saloon in Santa Fe, New Mexico. The principals were cattle king Ike Jackson of Texas and John Dougherty, the most flamboyant gambler in the Golden West. Everybody who was anybody in the territory was there (and most everyone else who could crowd in), including New Mexico's territorial governor, L. Bradford Prince.

Like most poker contests, the game built slowly. But after a number of rounds, both combatants received good hands. The betting became torrid, each raise meeting with a higher raise. The spectators, along with Governor Prince, watched in stunned fascination. When the pot had reached a staggering \$100,000, the Texan ran out of cash. Taking a pen and paper in hand, he wrote out a deed to his ranch and his 10,000 cattle, and threw it into the pot.

Dougherty, of course, couldn't meet the bet. With sudden inspiration, he demanded pen and paper. He scribbled something down and handed the paper to Governor Prince. Before the governor could read what was on it, he noted Dougherty's revolver trained on him.

"Sign it, governor," Dougherty said, "or I'll kill you."

The governor didn't hesitate, affixing his name without bothering to note what had been written.

Dougherty grabbed the paper and threw it into the pot. "There's the deed," he said. "I'm raising you the Territory of New Mexico!"

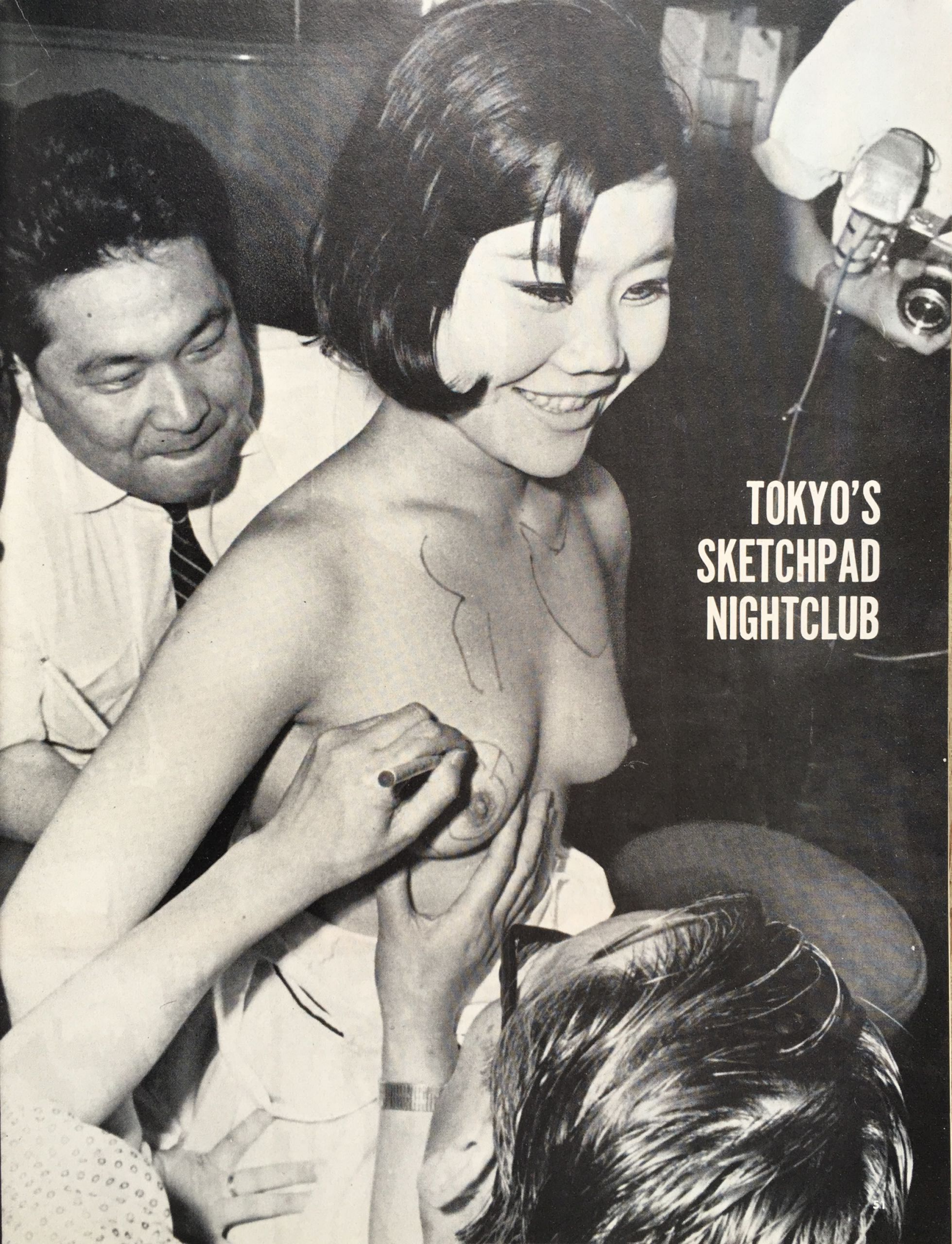
Jackson let out a string of cuss words and pounded his rock-hard fists on the table. Then, realizing he'd been outsmarted, he threw in his hand. He leveled his gaze at Dougherty and growled, "All right, the pot's yours. But it's a damned good thing for you that the governor of Texas ain't here!"

Adam



"OK . . . OK . . . if the Jones' have two cars we'll get another one as soon as it gets dark!"





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There was something funny
going on at the bar called The Crocadero but the owner didn't die from laughter . . .

HANK, you'll probably be surprised to see my writing you like this, in a magazine, but right now it's the only way I can think of. I'm "giving" all this to a character who started out to be a good customer of mine here at the bar. Of course, that was before . . . ■ This guy tells me — I mean he used to tell me — that he is a writer. Right now he's just about passed out, thinking he's dreaming all this. But he'll remember it when he wakes up, and knowing how he likes dough, I'm pretty sure he'll try to get it published somewhere. ■ Hank, remember my telling you, before we were discharged back at Dix, that I was going into business for myself? I said I wanted to buy a little cocktail lounge and forget all about Guam. "Life-size pin-ups on all the walls, and a cool tall drink for myself, every hour on the hour." I remember saying that to

— turn the page

by
Richard
Ashby

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DRINKS, from page 55

you at least a hundred times. Well, it all came true. Trouble was, it lasted for less than a week.

Huh? Another? But I haven't finished this one yet. Okay, okay. Don't need to get rough about it. There... now leave me alone.

Funny. I guess I still own the place, but it sure isn't much good to me... that is... hell, I'll say it; it isn't much good to me dead.

Now don't get excited, Hank. I'll try to explain it all as I go along. Right from the beginning.

I was walking along a little street between Wilshire and Sixth. Well, just as I was passing a little freshly boarded-up building I fell flat on my face. I got up and looked around, thinking that maybe some kids were playing commando, stretching a wire across the sidewalk. But there wasn't a thing that would explain a spill like I'd taken.

Brushing myself off, I started again. And fell again. I lay there on the hard concrete thinking there must be some perfectly simple reason behind it. But there wasn't. Nothing but ordinary sidewalk, clear to the street and as far up and back as I could look.

The boarded-up building turned out to be a bar. A little sign hanging over the door said "Tropico Inn," and there was a small card tacked to one of the planks over the window.

I got to my feet again, being very careful, and went over and looked at the card. It said how the property with fixtures and license was for lease, and it told where to go to see the owner. It was like a bug had gotten into my brain. This was the place I had to have! And when I found out that the owner lived right in the neighborhood I didn't waste any time on the deal. It was that same afternoon, Hank, the day before you took the Daylight for Frisco, that I hunted you up and talked you out of that two grand. That, plus the money I'd saved, along with a little more I managed to borrow, turned me into a member of the entertainment world. I got the bar — this bar — the Crocadero.

Right from the start, though, some queer little things happened while I was having the place redecorated. I remember the man from the upholstering shop beefed because he couldn't seem to put in some soft leatherette cushions in one of the booths. They wouldn't stay down. When I asked him what the hell he meant, he grinned, kinda nervous, and said, "It's as though the tacks won't go in and the material won't hang straight. Not only that, but my helper quit."

"What for?"

The man ran the back of his hand

over his mouth, frowning. "Well, he kept hearing voices. Least, he said he did. Said they sounded like a lot of people laughing and carryin' on. Then, 'bout two hours ago, he up and collected his tools and walked out. Beats me."

I told the fellow his helper probably hadn't been feeling well, and went over to see about putting down the stubborn cushion.

It didn't take us long to give up the whole idea. There just wasn't going to be a brown leatherette cushion in the back booth and that was that. Tools would be misplaced, tacks would bend, the damn leather would slip and slide all over. I go so cussing mad at everything that I knocked off, and the upholsterer and I had a couple bottles of warm beer. We felt better in a while, and I decided to be philosophical about things.

Then there was the matter of the draft beer vats. Same sort of trouble getting them down. It was like we were trying to push them under water; they'd bob and slide and skitter off the blocks. I got mean about them, though. I cussed and carried on for about three hours straight, and finally they dropped into place as though they were tired.

There's a lot more work to opening a cocktail lounge than I ever had imagined; insurance, permits, getting on the brewers' delivery schedules, advertising, buying supplies.

I hired a waitress — a lovely child of about thirty-five named Ruthie, with a build like a sheep herder's dream. And the local bartender's union sent me down a man; big capable looking Swede named Chuck.

OK... I'm drinking it. See? Yeah, sure I like it. It's swell. Like it fine.

But by Monday I was all squared away, and opened for business. Of course, there wasn't much business that day, but by Tuesday evening, the word had gotten around, and folks started flocking in out of curiosity. Tuesday night I did a pretty fair business.

Hours later that night, I was alone in the Crocadero finishing a count of the take. I had just closed the big new ledger, and was putting the top back on my fountain pen, when I distinctly heard someone speak my name. It was no will-of-the-wisp, no delusion; not strong, perhaps, but very clear. Much too clear.

Not wanting to appear scared if the voice belonged to some practical joker, I said very easily, "Yes?"

A little gust of laughter floated up, this time from behind the bar.

"Who's there?" I called, putting down the fountain pen and getting a good grip on a heavy glass ashtray.

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There was no reply... only a click and soft hum as the small refrigerator unit behind the bar turned itself on. I was scared; I'll admit it. It took about all the courage I could muster to walk around behind the bar and take a look. Of course, there was nothing to be seen. Nothing but rows of bottles, glasses neatly lined up, a couple of bar towels hanging from a rack, more bottles... Yeah! That was an idea.

It seemed strange to be going after a drink behind my own bar. And there were so many different kinds and brands of stuff I hardly knew what to choose. But the memory of that laugh and of hearing my name called seemed to hurry me along. I picked out a bottle, almost at random and poured a shot into the nearest glass, a large beer steinie, and drank. It hit the bottom of my hungry stomach and smoothed away all the nervous little butterflies, but it left a sticky sweet taste in my mouth.

I took a look at the bottle. "Creme de Menthe." No wonder! Let's see... what goes with creme de menthe? Another bottle in the shelves seemed to suddenly stand out as if in answer. I picked it up, uncapped it, and poured a small jolt into the glass. Then for the first time read the label on the second bottle. "Port Wine." What the hell? What ever possessed me to choose that for a mixer?

Then I got an idea. Why not invent something brand new in the way of cocktails? "The Crockadero Special." That was it. Something big and fancy that would sell for a dollar or two. Something to really put my place on the map.

It seemed that I couldn't go wrong. Each liquid I added to the basic mixture of liquor and wine proved to be the correct choice. It was as if some master bartender were at my side inspiring me, telling me not only what to put in, but also how much.

From time to time I would taste the concoction. Not big tastes, you understand, just sips. I truly didn't want to get drunk. This was too much fun.

Under my fingers blended creme de menthe, port, bitters, beer, rye, gin, more bitters, soda, sherry and Scotch. At last in some strange manner I knew I had finished. I knew that the brimful glass in my hand was something special. Very carefully I took it over to the light and looked at it. It was mixed perfectly; there were no separate layers of different densities. In color, it reminded of the brown-gold light that filters into a church through stained-glass windows, turned to liquid, and caught in my glass.

And then I tasted it! I have racked my brains for words to describe that

— turn to page 58

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DRINKS, from page 57

taste, but I can't find them. Imagine yourself falling through miles of warm, spicy-scented clouds, imagine yourself hearing the most beautiful music ever written, and kissing Rita Hayworth at the same time. Think of soft, slowly exploding fireworks flaming against a tropic night... think of all this, and brother, you still haven't touched it! I had made me a drink!

I floated back into the world and reached for the glass again. At that moment, all I wanted out of life was another drink. There was a rapping at the front door, and Ruthie's voice called me. I can't recall when the sound of a good-looking woman calling me had made me so unhappy.

There was no use pretending I wasn't there. The girl was peering in through the little porthole set in the front door. I sighed, put down my drink, went over to the door, and let her in.

"What are you doing here?" she asked me. She closed the door behind her and strode over to the bar. "As if I need ask," she said, looking at the bottles I'd brought out.

"You'll never believe me, Ruthie, but I've been working. I've just in-

vented a drink that'll... well, it'll be to this place what the Zombie was to the Beachcombers. Have a try."

The girl slid up on a stool and leaned against the bar. "No thanks. I don't often drink at three in the A.M. In bars, that is."

I didn't care much for her attitude. "It's none of my business, of course, but what about you? What are you doing running around at this hour?"

"Sitting up with an ill acquaintance," she snapped. "I'm on my way home and stopped here for my compact."

She glanced at the glass in my hand and frowned. "Look, this is funny coming from me, but why don't you go easy on that stuff? It'll get you, drinking alone like this. Take it from sister, she knows."

For an answer I handed her the drink. She studied it a second, then shrugged and put it to her lips.

I watched the girl take a big gulp. The next instant the glass fell to the floor, and Ruthie went into spasms of coughing. I did what I could, pounded her on the back, asked her how she felt... stuff like that. After a bit she calmed down a little. "Gasoline," she hissed at me, eyes red and streaming.

"Pure gasoline. That makes you quite a comedian, doesn't it?"

Then she called me several unpleasant names, and began to weep. That's something I can't stand, a woman feeling unhappy. Like a big brother I put an arm around her and told her how it was, that it had tasted fine to me, and that she was just about the only real friend I had. It seemed to do the trick. A few minutes later, after she'd found her compact behind the bar and had done her face I turned out the lights and we left.

The next two or three days didn't go so bad. I was beginning to get acquainted in the neighborhood, starting to build up a steady clientele. And we had no more unusual happenings. At least, none that I saw. Ruthie, however, claimed that every time she had to go out to the kitchen to make some jerk a sandwich, somebody or something made kissing noises at her. I went with her once and listened, but she said it didn't happen that time. Only when she was alone.

And a couple of the customers did remark about the bar mirror. One of them, the guy that said he was a writer, told Chuck that every other time he looked into the thing he saw himself wearing a beard. And Mrs. Wallens, a busty matron who liked her afternoon beer, insisted that something was always grabbing at her ankles.

But like I say, it didn't go too badly. And I was making a fair amount of money. There was one thing, however, that did bother me. I couldn't get the memory of that drink out of my head. Even if Ruthie did swear to me that it tasted like liquid garbage, I had to have some again, sometime.

Often, I'd slip behind the bar and try to make up another batch. But it was no go. I simply couldn't concentrate with anyone else around.

Friday evening, a comical-looking character with sleepy eyes wandered in and gave the place the once over. His walk was a little irregular. I could tell he'd probably been looking over several other cocktail lounges before mine. After a moment he seated himself at the bar and asked for a beer. Chuck gave it to him and took his quarter to the cigar box. The little guy seemed fascinated by something about the place. It got me curious. I finally moved over next to him.

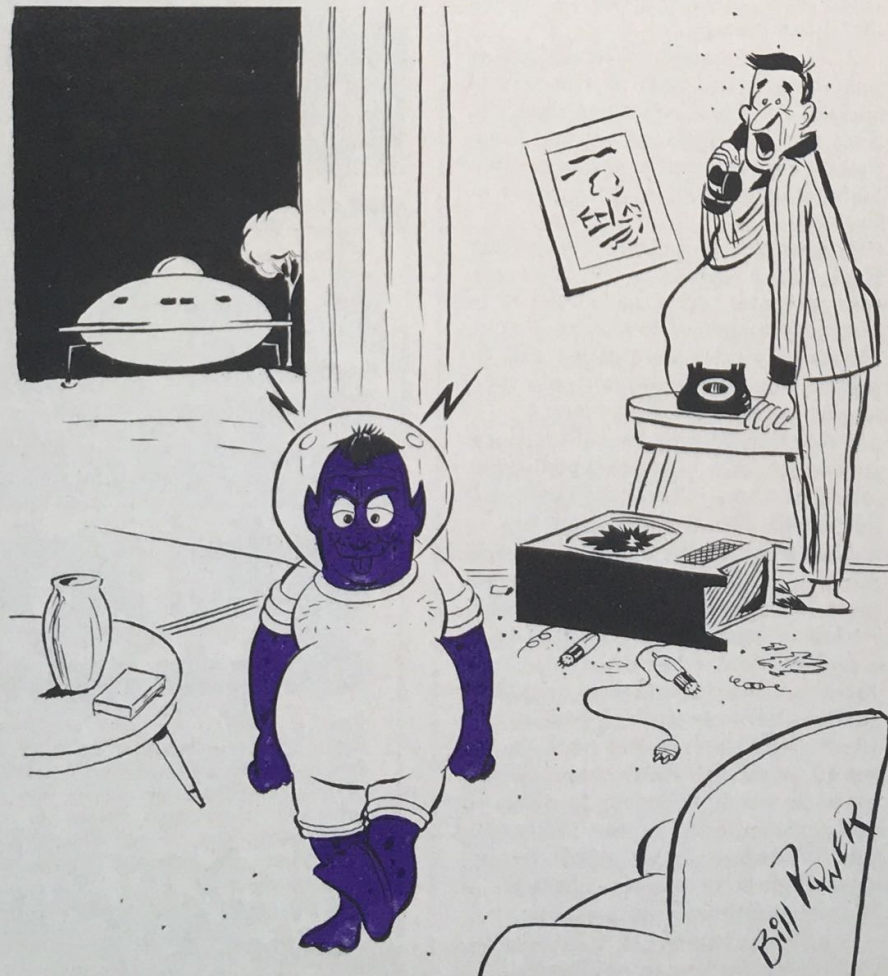
"You like the place?" I asked, smiling.

He managed to focus on me. "You the new manager?"

I nodded. "Since last Monday. I'm not really the manager. I've got a lease."

The other regarded me sadly. "Shame," he said, shaking his head slowly. "Sn'awful shame... nice chap

Adam



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like yourself." With that he went off into "tisking" noises.

"What do you mean?"

The fellow looked back up at me, eyes wide. "Didn't they tell you? About the other two guys?"

I shook my head, frowning.

He shook his head. "First there was Claude. He dropped right there." One hand made a vague gesture towards the other end of the room. "Then Alfred. He came next. Lasted a whole month before it got him. Kicked off out in the stock room. Helped carry him out myself."

I excused myself and moved to the far end of the bar. That's right. I had heard something or other about an owner dying suddenly. But two of them... and right in here, too! Nah! That's silly. Mustn't think the wrong thoughts. I tried hard not to.

It did upset me a little, though.

And I guess I made Chuck grumpy, too. When twelve o'clock came he cleaned the place up in a hurry and walked out without having his usual nightcap with me. I sat there a while at the back booth feeling sorry for myself. Then it happened again. Only this time it was a woman's...

But dammit, I don't really want any more. I can't hold it. You trying to get me drunk? But why? Oh... all right. There!

... voice that called my name. Just as clear as a bell I heard it over behind the bar. I wasn't scared anymore. Just curious as hell and angry with the world. And with the voices. I'd find out about this business once and for all! I'd show 'em!

Behind the bar I waited for the laughter. But when it came I enjoyed it. I couldn't be mad any more. There was something so darned infectious about that laugh.

After a bit, I poured myself a drink. Scotch. I tossed it off straight, enjoying its mellow burning. Then, standing there with the empty jigger glass in my hand, I remembered — the other time... that other drink!

A big glass, Scotch, and add mixer. Stir, put in sherry... no, I hadn't forgotten! Add soda and bitters. Slip in the gin and shake it around. Yeah, that was it. Eagerly I dumped in the rye, beer, more bitters, and the port. Then stirred again, and poured in just the right amount of creme de menthe. Delightedly I watched the whole works shift from a muddy brown into that shining amber.

I didn't rush things... took plenty of time. After all, my place, my drinks.

First, I fished out a nickle from the cigar box and started the jukebox going soft and low on some Freddy Martin tune. Then taking my drink, I

— turn to page 60

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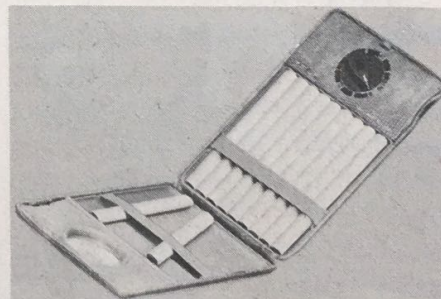
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DRINKS, from page 59

went over to the little back booth, lighted a cigarette, and made myself comfortable. After a couple of puffs on my smoke, though, I knew I had to quit playing around. I wanted that drink.

Hey! Give me another glass of that stuff. Yeh... thanks.

I got a good grip on the tumbler, raised it to my lips, and started swallowing. I guess I never finished it. Not really, that is.

Because while I sat there, glass to mouth, there were all the old sensations, plus another entirely new one. I felt myself falling... and yet I didn't. And there was a little pain... but yet, something in the pain was enjoyable. It was a bit like watching yourself on the screen do something, if you can imagine. Like that, I guess, only more so. Anyhow, it didn't bother me much there in the booth when I died.

Mostly, Hank, I guess I was so surprised at what I saw. The Crocadero was all changed around. It looked like a saloon set for some western picture. And over behind the bar was a big red-faced slob. Kind of an Italian looking guy. Greek, maybe. He told me I was welcome and brought me a drink. Said his name was Bokus, or Bachus... something like that. And without wasting too much time, he ran through a sort of explanation for me. Said he was making a comeback, and was getting members by pulling a flock of tricky deals. Then he pointed out Claude and Alfred to me. I didn't quite get it all. I guess I was still too surprised.

The place is pretty full. All sorts of odd looking people sitting around, all drinking like mad. There are a lot of fellows dressed like old-time ranchers, a bunch of women that must be can-can dancers, and a couple of guys in Spanish outfits. Mostly, though, they're just ordinary looking, like myself.

So, Hank, that's how it is. That's why I can't pay you back your two thousand. At least I don't think I can. 'Course I don't know too much about thish new set-up. Only been here... couple, two-three hours. Red-face behind the bar says we drink here from midnight to five or six next afternoon. Then we go wait at a place called Limbo... must be some sort sleeping quarters.

Sorry about the money, pal. And take my advice; stay outta the bar business here in L.A. No tellin' how far thish outfit'll spread out. But say, in case you're in town, why don'tcha look up Ruthie. Good kid, Ruthie. Try singin' real soff into her ear. She's crazy 'bout it. I know!

OK, Fatty, lesh have a couple more.



IN A CERTAIN, LARGE AMERICAN METROPOLIS, RESIDES A CERTAIN MILD-MANNERED MILLIONAIRE, AND HIS YOUNG WARD, WHO IN REALITY ARE: (AS WE ALL KNOW)

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BY HINTON

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YOU MEAN...

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"... MONEY?... BROADS?... EXPENSIVE ITALIAN SPORTSCARS?"

THAT'S RIGHT! MONEY, BROADS, EXPENSIVE ITALIAN SPORTSCARS, JES' LIKE IT SAYS UP THERE!

PUTTY PUTTY!



MEANWHILE, IN A CLEVERLY CONCEALED HIDEOUT, DEEP IN THE INTRICATE SEWAGE SYSTEM OF A CERTAIN LARGE AMERICAN METROPOLIS, WE FIND THAT INFAMOUS CRIMINAL ARCHTYPE, ARCH TYPE, AND HIS GANG OF INFAMOUS CUT-THROATS, BREWING YET ANOTHER SATANIC PLOT TO DESTROY THE DYNAMIC DUO!

COMRADES-IN-CRIME, EVERY SATANIC PLOT WE'VE DEVISED TO DESTROY THE DYNAMIC DUO HAS FAILED! BUT I, ARCH TYPE, HAVE FINALLY FORMULATED THE PERFECT (HEH-HEH) SCHEME! WHAT ARE **FATMAN'S** WEAKNESSES?

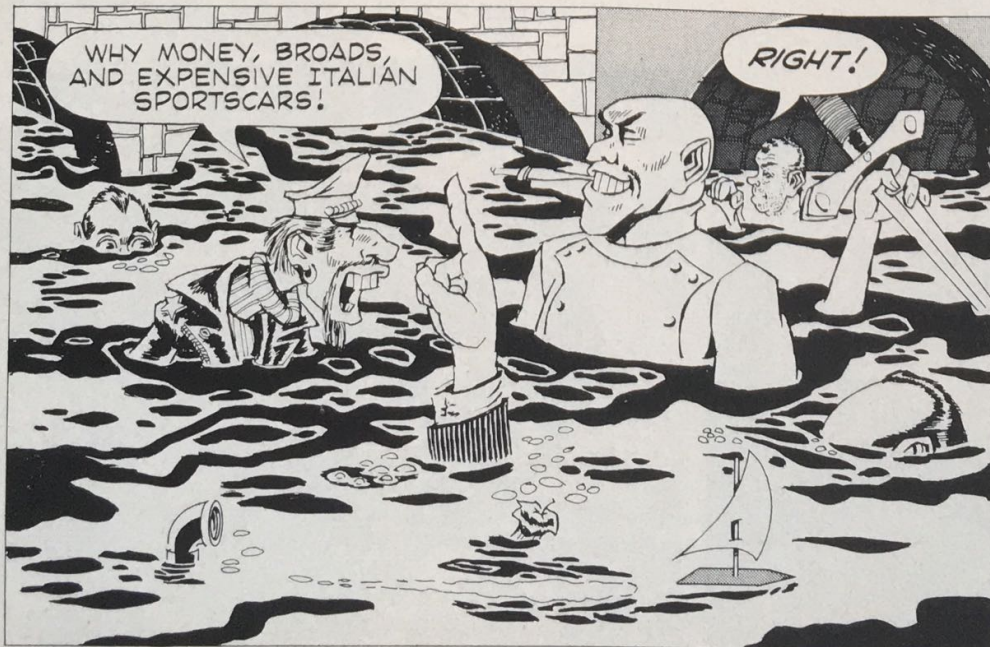
HEY, AN ALLIGATOR

NEXT TIME LET'S HAVE THE HIDEOUT IN A PEACH ORCHARD!



WHY MONEY, BROADS, AND EXPENSIVE ITALIAN SPORTSCARS!

RIGHT!



...AND NOW LET ME INTRODUCE THE SUPER BAIT, IN OUR SUPER-SCHEME...





STELLA,
THE SATANIC
STRUMPET!!

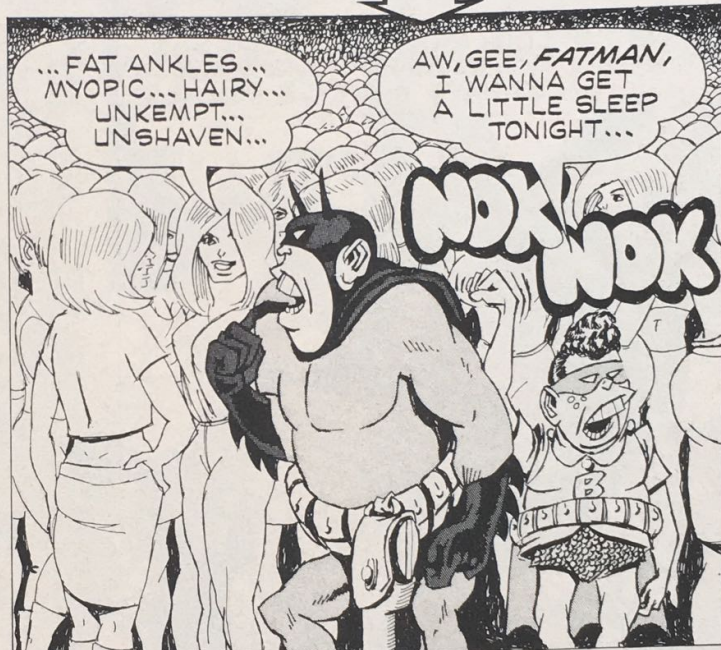
MEANWHILE,
OUR HEROES
ARE SEEKING
THEIR
WELL-EARNED
LEISURE...

TOO TALL...TOO SHORT...
TOO FAT...TOO THIN...TOO
OLD...TOO YOUNG, TOO
YOUNG?...TOO FLAT-CHESTED
...CROSSED-EYED...
BUCKED-TEETH...



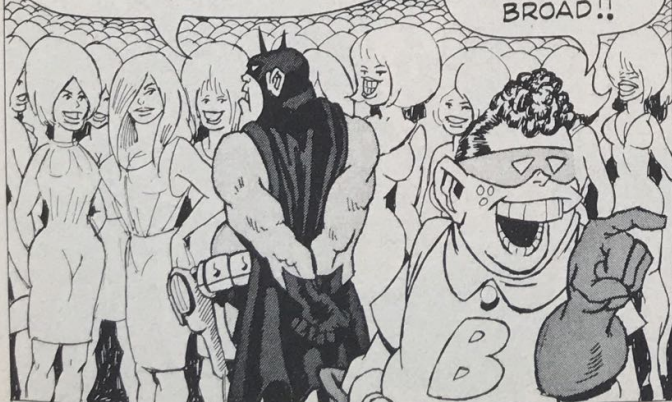
...FAT ANKLES...
MYOPIC...HAIRY...
UNKEMPT...
UNSHAVEN...

AW, GEE, FATMAN,
I WANNA GET
A LITTLE SLEEP
TONIGHT...

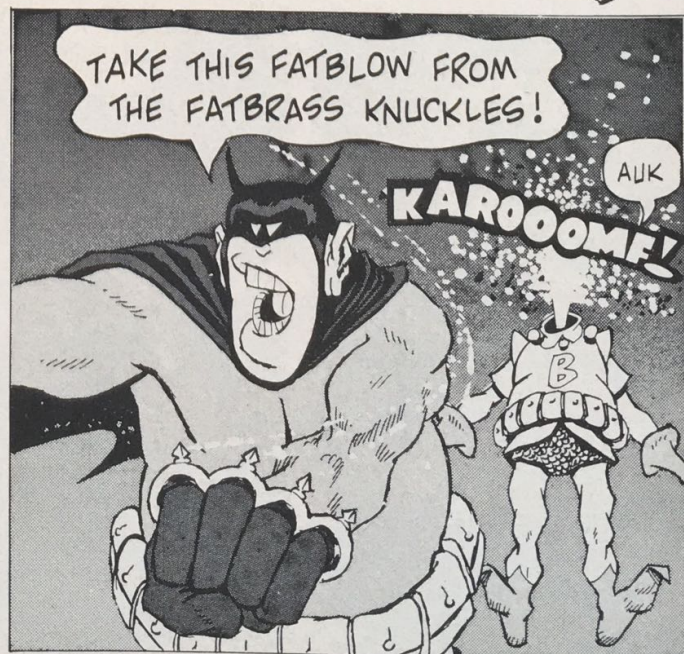


...SCRAGGLY HAIR...FLAT FEET...DIRTY
FEET...I DON' KNOW, AFTER A WHILE THEY
ALL SEEM THE SAME...GOOD GRIEF! I
HOPE I'M NOT LOSING MY SUPER-MASCULINE
FATPOWERS!...MAYBE WE NEED A LITTLE
CHANGE...US AND THIRTY-SIX BROADS IN A
ROWBOAT? A PHONEBOOTH?
OR MIDGETS? SHEEP?
MAYBE...

HARK!
LOOK AT THAT
BROAD!!



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CAPTIVE, from page 8

the Sergeant Major and Carver, playing the part of the commanding officer, waltzed with the Sergeant Major's wife, a dumpy thing who smelled of lye-soap and too much sun.

After that Carver and Sabrina danced together, building their knowledge of each other gradually out of idle social banter and charming smiles and quiet laughter. And if Sabrina began dancing a little closer, or Carver held her hand a bit tighter, it was less a breach of protocol and more just the action of two people who enjoy each other's company. They drank some of the punch, marveling at how well the tea and herbs and honey disguised the rawness of whiskey. Then they laughed and danced some more.

Finally, when a foolish private decided that the ball had regressed far enough to safely pick a fight with a young Lieutenant, Surgeon Carver took Sabrina for a walk around the inside of the stockade.

There had been no moon, and the darkness had been a warm and somehow secretive stimulant to the continuance of their gaiety. They held hands, their talk and laughter dropped in tone to match the stillness of the night, and quite suddenly, they stopped and kissed.

Later, while Carver rode a five-month saddle, he would think of that kiss many times as something mutually intimate, like a quiet joke, or an aside word. Something of as little consequence as a phrase that two people know before it is spoken, nothing more.

But when it happened, there were the cumulative effects of the evening behind it—the softness of a warm spring night, the headiness caused by the punch, the fact that they had been more or less thrown together. All of these things combined to make the kiss alive and hot, and what had begun light and gay ended emotional and heaving.

Carver felt Sabrina's tongue slide between his teeth, and he put his hand on her breast beneath the satin of her bodice and felt her nipple grow hard in his palm.

"Take me, Carver," her voice had cut passionately through any restraint he may have retained. "Take me hard and now!"

He picked her up and gently carried her to a place beneath the guard's walk where it was secluded. Then, while she moaned and twisted around him, thrusting to meet his drives and biting her lips to keep from screaming at the sweet-evil of the act, Carver Usten took Sabrina Hampton as his unlawful and unwedded wife . . .

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"They was about half-way between here and Deadwood," he said. "And they probably didn't know what hit 'em — leastways I don't think so. Some of the troopers hadn't even fired their guns. Sign shows fifty, maybe sixty Sioux came down from a small bluff and ripped right through the patrol..."

Within the hour, after seeing Sabrina taken care of by one of the other officer's wives, Carver led a mounted patrol of one hundred out to retrieve the bodies and track down the renegade Sioux.

At the scene of the attack Carver found that, for once, a buffalo hunter hadn't been exaggerating. The bodies, cut and scalped, had fallen in a two-square pattern, as they had been riding. They hadn't even had time to form a defensive formation. After sending them back in a supply wagon with a four-man escort, Carver and the rest of the patrol set out on the surprisingly easy-to-follow trail of the Sioux, which led east, toward the Badlands.

It took his scouts, riding wide point-and-flank, the rest of that day and half the next to realize that the Indians had no intention of hiding in the Badlands. The trail was swinging in a gradual, seventy-mile circle that appeared to be aimed back for Fort Gold. Carver immediately broke off the search, told his men to strip off any excess weight other than weapons, and they began the hell-for-leather fifty-mile run to the fort.

They had been late by a good ten hours and twenty bodies. The fort looked like a demented man's idea of hell. Bodies — no, carcasses — of men and women and children were strewn and hung in a gory tribute to insane butchery. No one lived, and after two precious hours wasted digging through the carnage, it was found that the Sioux had carried off only one captive.

Sabrina...

Carver had gone berserk, turned into a raving animal living for only one purpose, his purpose, to kill and maim and hack at what had hurt him. Using his rank he commandeered the freshest horse in the unit, the only horse that wasn't near dead from the run, and set out alone after the Sioux. If he'd thought, he'd have accepted the many offers of assistance that came from volunteers. If he'd allowed

— turn to page 68

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CAPTIVE, from page 67

reason to trickle through savage intent, he'd have realized the futility of his effort — the suicide he stood to meet.

But Carver didn't think, he rode. And after two days of riding, eyes burned from wind and tears, sitting on a broken and dying animal, Lieutenant Carver Usten realized his failure. He'd lost the Sioux trail in break-and-rock country on the edge of the Black Hills.

Then it was walk — walk and steal a horse from a rancher's herd and ride again, stopping passing trappers or cowboys or even Indians, begging to know whether or not they'd seen the "... woman with the oak-bark hair named Sabrina."

And always it was no — a shake of the head for the crazy Pony Soldier with the blank eyes and dirty clothes. Always, for five long months, it was ignorance ...

AND NOW I'M CLOSE, thought Carver, looking up at the corpse of the old Indian woman silhouetted in her death-cradle by the faint light of a dawn sky. "Your woman lives," the old squaw had said. "She is the Wuy-taw of Laughs-At-Crow, the slave bride of a chief of war ..."

Then she'd died, quietly rolling onto her side and shuddering as *Tonopah* took the last air from her old lungs. Carver had placed her on the scaffold and muttered some English death-words he hoped would suffice for the usual mourner's wailing.

I've come a long way, he thought, shrugging off the stiff ache the night's labor had given him. From hollow and sworn vengeance to committing the soul of my enemies' women, a long, long way ...

He froze, killed motion, as he heard the loud and distinct snick of metal-on-metal in back of him. It was a sound he knew well, a sear falling into place to hold the hammer of a rifle, and he cursed himself for not paying more attention to his surroundings. He stood, slowly and deliberately, and stretched his arms wide to either side of his body — away from the pistol and knife at his belt. The skin on his back grew tight.

"You," a young, guttural sounding voice spoke from behind in Sioux dialect. "You are a Pony Soldier."

It was an accusation more than a question. Carver wore the remains of what had once been a cavalry uniform. He nodded.

There was a sudden roar and a flash of red-orange and Carver's leg jerked from beneath him as though tied to a rope. He fell almost under the death platform.

"Now —," said the voice, "you are a

Pony Soldier that limps." There was laughter and Carver was glad he hadn't tried for the pistol at his belt. It sounded like at least ten men. He grimaced, fighting waves of sudden pain, and clutched at the wound in his leg to stop the bleeding.

"Enough!" A second voice, more gruff than the first cut in. "We will take him back to camp and give him to the squaws. They should get revenge on this white eyes who fouls the place of our dead."

Rough hands grabbed him then, stripped him of weapons, and they tied him belly-down across his horse. Just before the pain in his stretched leg conquered his thoughts, Carver heard one of the younger Indians grunt scornfully:

"We should have killed the Pony Soldier here, while he is still fresh and could have screamed loudly. Take him back to the squaws — uh! Laughs-At-Crow is getting worse than an old woman ..."

WHEN CARVER FINALLY regained consciousness, it was with the blank and surprised awareness of a child. His hands were black, puffy, his tongue stuck thick and foul to the roof of his mouth, and it took him a full ten minutes of forced concentration to realize that these were the effects of a long ride tied across a horse, and not his own mind-made hell.

From there, his mind opened like an egg, peeling and chipping away the fog. He remembered the old Indian woman, and his leg, and how he came to be here — which was where? He opened his eyes, to be greeted by the figure of a woman sitting alongside the buffalo-hide bed he was lying on. She was a squaw, but something seemed vaguely familiar about her. Something about the cut of her chin, the white flash of her sudden smile, didn't fit the beaded buckskins she wore.

"Why, Lieutenant Usten," the squaw said, laughing gently. "You look positively dashing."

"Ahh — it's you!" He propped himself on an elbow, then fell back as the pain in his leg took him.

Sabrina put her hand on his cheek, cool, and still soft. "You are a very determined young knight, Lieutenant Carver Usten, riding this far and hard to save a little bitch of an officer's wife."

"I love you ..."

"Hush — that can come later, when your leg has healed and you've been given your freedom — when gratitude is dead."

"Free? I thought I was to be squaw's meat or some damn thing."

"They found your blanket around

the old woman, learned that you'd built her platform, and they were touched. These people may be savage, but when they feel compassion it is always sincere. My husband has declared ..."

"Husband?" he interrupted.

"Yes," her answer was sad, drawn to a sound of pain. "Husband."

"You mean slave-master, don't you?"

"No, I mean husband. At first I was a slave. I carried wood and made fires and learned to make tents and yes, what you don't want to hear is true. Many braves took me, many times. But then Laughs-At-Crow smiled upon me. That is how these people talk of love — he smiled upon me and now I am his husband. Willingly."

"I see ..."

"No. I don't think you see at all. Laughs-At-Crow is a fair man, a sometimes gentle man, even though he makes war. I don't love him, I don't think I have ever loved any man, but he has been a good husband. He made my life here easier, cleaner — that is what you don't see, and may never understand." Her voice had risen as she spoke, to an almost defensive ring, but now she softened it again, made it warm. "I must go now, and tell him that you are awake. He wishes to speak to you."

"And 'us," he stopped her at the tent flap. "Does he know of us?"

"I was selected to care for you only because I was once a white eyes," she said, turning. "Laughs-At-Crow does not know that we were ... friends."

"Lovers," he said softly, as she stepped out of the lodge. "Were, and are, lovers ..."

DURING THE WEEKS that followed, while his leg was healing, Carver had ample time to "understand" what Sabrina had said. He talked frequently and long with the swarthy and pock-marked war chief who was Sabrina's husband — and he tried, more for her sake than his own, to find purpose and meaning in the Indian's thoughts. And while it was true that little actual friendship passed between them (Carver was still acutely aware that Sabrina shared the chief's bed), Carver soon found himself developing a healthy respect for Laughs-At-Crow's ability and judgement.

Twice, when the cavalry patrols were reported close to the village, the war chief led practically brilliant diversionary attacks while the tribe moved to a different location. He knew horses and guns and men — and their deployment in mounted battle — the way few army officers would ever know, and he seldom lost a man.

Despite his safe treatment, and the knowledge he was obtaining, Carver wished to leave the camp. And although he was free to come and go anytime he felt like it, he knew that this freedom did not extend to taking Sabrina along. Finally, on the eve of a planned attack on a settlement of ranchers, Carver pulled Sabrina aside.

"They'll be celebrating tonight," he said, "dancing in hope of a victory tomorrow. With any luck at all, we can get fifteen or twenty miles before they even know we're gone."

"You're sure of this?" she asked, her voice sounding strangely reserved. "You still want me to go with you?"

"I love you — that is all that matters."

"No, love is not all that matters — it will take thought, too. I am no longer the flip bitch, Carver, I am a woman. These people have made me honest, if nothing else, and I know that I could never stand it without you. The prying eyes, the silly giggles and knowing looks — I would rather stay with the Sioux than face them alone."

"I'll be there," he said, softly. "I love you — that is all that matters."

AT MIDNIGHT, WHILE most of the camp slept, Carver and Sabrina quietly slipped two horses from the unguarded rope corral. They walked, pinching their hands over the horse's nostrils to keep them silent, until they were a half mile from the camp. Then they mounted and rode.

They did not make fifteen miles, they did not make even five before they were overtaken. But it was only by one man. Laughs-At-Crow rode suddenly out of the darkness in back of them, the sound of his approach hidden by the drumming of their own horses galloping.

"Hopa-Hey!" The Indian yelled, "Pony Soldier, you left without saying farewell — why is that?"

Carver wheeled his horse to meet him. Sabrina rode on another ten yards, then she stopped as well.

"I thought it best," Carver said, gesturing toward Sabrina, "to leave without confusion and anger."

Silence took them for thirty seconds, the night sounding only of the horse's breathing and the muted shrieks of a nighthawk hunting insects.

Finally the chief, mouthing a sigh, raised his rifle and aimed it at Carver's chest. "It is bad that you have chosen to steal my woman," he said, his voice sad, but the barrel of the rifle unwavering. "Now I must bring your scalp back — or suffer much disgrace in the eyes of my braves."

Carver heard a rustling in back of him, a swishing sound of leather com-

ing from Sabrina's direction, but he did not turn. "I have no weapon," he said. "Would you kill an unarmed enemy?"

"You acted without honor, you can die without honor." He cocked the rifle.

"But you do not wish to kill me," Carver felt his guts tighten into a knot — waiting to receive a bullet.

"No — but could I lead my braves in battle tomorrow if I lived in disgrace? There is no other way..."

"Wait!" Sabrina's voice jarred between them. "You are both fools! Laughs-At-Crow, my honored husband, great chief of war, holder of many coups — uh!" She spoke the Sioux grunt of scorn. "You would kill a man you like and you needn't. There is a way you can save face."

"And how is this way?" The war chief spoke without taking his eyes away from Carver.

"A gift," Sabrina answered. "Can I not be bought by a gift?"

"It is so," the chief nodded. "But now? After you have ridden? The time to offer a gift was before you left, while still my warriors could see I was not a fool. What gift would be big enough now?"

"A gift that could not come until after we had gone," Carver said quietly. "A gift of peace. I will ride to my people and ask for an end to death, an end to the fighting between our people."

"Uh! It will never happen," Laughs-At-Crow lowered his rifle, "But your words are a good song. It is enough, the woman is yours."

And he was gone, absorbed by the darkness as quickly as he'd arrived, leaving Carver with an empty feeling that came of knowing the Indian had been right — there would be much more war.

"Well," he sighed, pulling his horse up alongside Sabrina. "We're free."

"Yes," she trembled slightly and pulled something from beneath her shift and handed it to Carver. It was his pistol. "I had this all the time. I'm glad I didn't have to kill him — he's a good man."

"And would you have killed him?"

"I don't know — yes, I would have killed him." She looked at him intently for a moment. "All that talk of peace, was that true? Are you really going to try and help them?"

"No — I lied."

Her eyebrows shot up in a shocked, questioning arch.

"I should have said we," Carver laughed. "We're going to help them."

Then, because it was a pact, and all pacts need some gesture of assurance, he leaned over and kissed her. ❀

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His death caused the crowd at the Campus Malt Shop to wig out!

by HARLAN ELLISON

WE HAD ALL gotten the news by seven o'clock. I'd heard it first on the early news, and rushed to tell the other kids. We somehow wound up at the Campus Malt Shop, about twenty of us, all sitting around gloomy and sick and miserable about it.

Charlie Draper was dead. He had cracked up in his Valiant, on the highway. Charles Arnold Draper, whom some called Charlie and some called Arnie. Funny about that, the girls all called him Arnie, I was one of them, and the guys all called him Charlie. Funny about that, but just typical of Arnie Draper. Friendliest guy in the wide world. Number one man on campus, with everybody. Not stuck up or self-centered, though God knows he could have been, what with being star quarterback on State's Big Ten championship team, a brilliant student, head of the Jazz Committee, president of his fraternity, and a dozen other accomplishments. He *could* have been the most egotistical slob in the world, but he wasn't. Wanted everybody to call him Arnie, as though he'd known them all his life. Just like that: Arnie. Or Charlie.

Now he was dead. Just like this, he was gone from our lives, and we'd lost a good friend. Not just another kid we were sorry to see die, but a real honest-to-goodness swell fellow, who had figured prominently in our lives.

We sat around the Campus Malt Shop, not ordering anything, just dragging on cigarettes, and staring at each other, as each one of us told what we felt about Arnie. Not that we felt we *had* to say anything, but it seemed as though we were reciting in a class we liked very much, and we wanted very much to be very much a part of it; we *had* to let out what we felt about Arnie Draper, now that he had been taken from us.

Verna Abernathy, a tall blonde English major was talking. "He was so . . . so . . . so damned *refined*. He always seemed to know just what to say at just the right moment. He had a ready action for any situation, you know what I mean?"

Everybody nodded, because we all agreed.

Finley Withers coughed and stared down at the tiny pile of ashes he had been accumulating, chain-smoking since we'd gathered. "It was more than that," he added, "just the knowing what damned movement to make just when.

"What I mean is, he was poised, relaxed, as though he didn't have a worry in the world, even during finals week, when you knew damned well he was worried. It was—" he waved his hand absently, as if to finish the sentence visually.

Everybody nodded, because we all agreed.

Grant Lawson, who had been his roommate at the fraternity house, spoke up. He had a deep voice and a distinctly masculine way about him. "Not only that, but Charlie was a *fine* person. I saw him pick up a cat that had been struck by some kid's bicycle, and *nurse* the animal, actually, really *nurse* it back to health. It's still at the House. We call it Satyr. And Charlie wouldn't let anybody help. It was his own good deed, and he wanted it to be that way all the time."

Everybody nodded, because we all agreed.

From the end of the five tables we'd shoved together, Annie Vester, moved I suppose by the honesty everyone had in their voices, and the sorrow of the moment, said, "He was a gentleman, Arnie was. He went steady with me for three months, before he met you, Pauline," she explained unnecessarily to me. I knew Arnie had been going with her before me, but it had just been a slight campus flirtation, like a million others, and there had been no real hard feelings, though I knew Annie had still cared a great deal about him. It hadn't been the real thing for them, as it had been between Arnie and myself. Real love for us, the real thing.

She went on. "Arnie could have taken advantage of me a couple of times. I wouldn't have minded at all. I even, uh, encouraged him slightly," she added, blushing slightly, "but he was a gentleman. We made love the way all girls want to make love before they're married. I'll—I'll never forget him . . ."

She sank into a soulful silence, and we all nodded, because we all agreed.

Brant Finch, with whom Arnie had collaborated on several group science projects said, "Not to mention his genius. Charlie would have been a great leader some day. His grasp of science was phenomenal. We never could have gotten in those projects on time if he hadn't done a hell of a lot of the work on them." Everybody nodded, because we all agreed.

"Francine Hasher and I were always amazed at how well-read, how round-

ed he was," Margie Poole stuck in. "He could talk on any subject from Plato to . . . to Presley. He knew what was going on in the world, and he was seriously interested in what he could do about it.

"And Mi God, when it came to the arts, Arnie seemed to be able to do anything. We used to go to Iris Pedlang's sculpture classes, at her apartment, you know, and he used to come up with the most exotic, I mean exotic forms, you can believe me!" Everybody nodded, because we all agreed.

It went on for over an hour, with everybody chiming in, re-telling some little anecdote, spotlighting some feature of his personality, lauding him, and then abruptly, it was my turn.

Silently, it was my turn, because they knew how much I had lost. Charlie and I had been going steady. We were going to be engaged next year, both in our senior year at State. They knew I was crying inside, and shattered, and they turned to me for the capper, the final words that would sum it all up, now that we had lost our Arnie. Our Charlie. He was gone.

"He was so big," I said, trying to explain a concept I hardly had words to explain. "He was a gentleman, and a genius, and a leader, and kind, and good, and everything everybody says, but beyond that," I stumbled for words, "he was . . . he was . . . *big!* Do you, can you, know what I mean?"

Everybody nodded, because we all agreed.

Then—we hadn't even seen her till then, or if we had, we hadn't paid her any attention—a girl in a booth near us, spoke.

She couldn't have helped overhearing everything we'd been saying, and she had been there since before we arrived, so we knew it hadn't been contrived, but she said:

"Arnie was a lousy bastard."

We all just sat and looked at her. There wasn't even any violence in us, so calm had she been in saying it. We sat and stared at her, with her pale face and haunted eyes. No one knew her, no one knew her name, though we'd seen her around the campus, of course.

We stared at her silently for a few moments, the quiet of the Campus Malt Shop broken only by the sounds of cars, just like our Arnie's going by in the street.

Then . . .

Everybody nodded, because we all agreed. 





LORRIE LEWIS claims to be very unusual. You see, she was born in Los Angeles which makes her a native Californian, and "you don't hardly find that kind no more." Also, she is a woman who believes a woman's place is in the home.

Her ideal man has to be "above all, mature." "I like men," Lorrie told us. "I like them to be rugged and attractive, but if they lack maturity I soon lose interest. He has to have something on his mind besides the opposite sex."

SOMETHING UNUSUAL

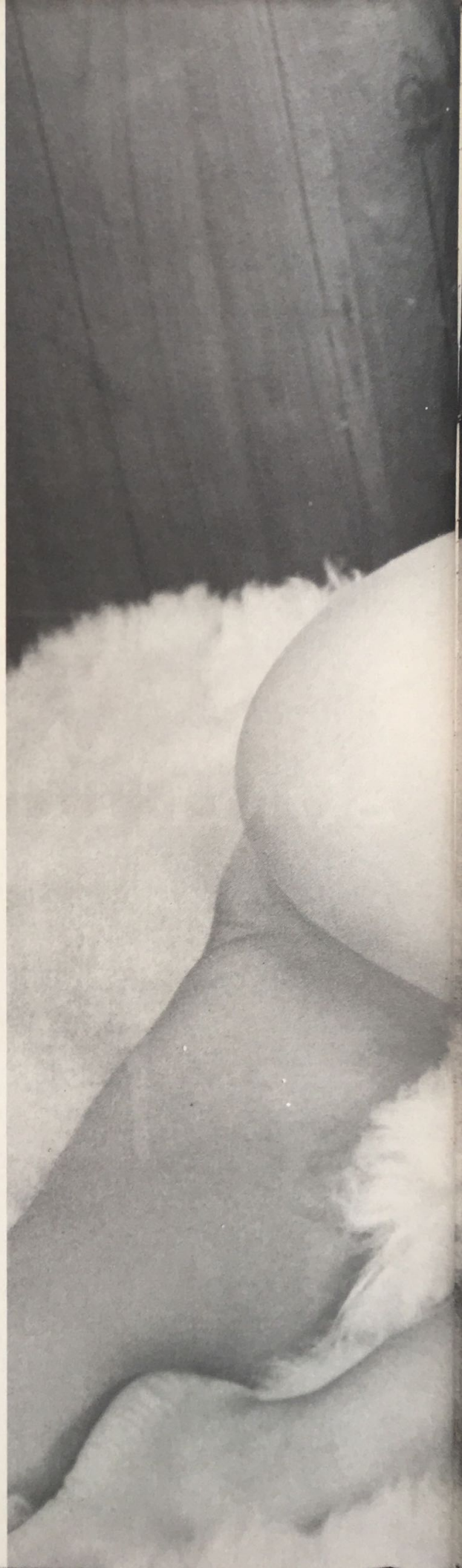


Lorrie has many things on her mind—"I like to read . . . J. D. Salinger, Norman Mailer, Robert Ruark. I'm not just a homebody, though. I dig the scene on Sunset Strip, too. You meet a lot of interesting people."

Lorrie eventually wants to get married to that "right man." She believes in love at first sight, "because love is an emotional thing and just happens."

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Adam's



TALES



FLEAS ANYONE?

A good way to get rid of fleas is to rub yourself down with alcohol and then take a bath in sand. The fleas get drunk and kill each other throwing rocks.

...



BRAVE YOUNG MAN...

A young couple were parked on a lonely country road when a man approached their automobile with a gun in hand.

"All right," he snarled, "this is a stick-up. Get outa' the car." He then took out a piece of chalk and drew a circle on the ground. To the young man he said, "Stand inside that circle, and if you step outside it, I'll blow your head off."

The man then made violent, passionate love to the girl.

After he left the girl asked her boyfriend, "Are you a man or a mouse? Why didn't you do something?"

"I did," said the young man. "When he turned his back I stuck my foot out twice."

...

YOU HAVE TO BE CAREFUL

Did you hear about the old man who changed his will every year? He was a fresh heir fiend...

...

HORSE RACING

And then there was the Jockey who asked his girlfriend up to his apartment for a short one.

...

FARMING...

A farmer took his cow to the neighbor's, the Jones, to have it bred by their prize-winning bull. It just so happened that Mr. Jones was away, so he asked Mrs. Jones for permission to use the bull. Mrs. Jones took him down to the bullpen, and soon the animals were busy.

As they watched, the farmer got ideas, and turning to Mrs. Jones he said, "Boy, I could sure stand a round like that myself."

"Go ahead," said Mrs. Jones, "it's your cow."

...



"Good News, Mr. Stanfield... you're not pregnant."

Adam

Ted Kroger

SMOG

One of London's "ladies of the evening" picked up an American visitor to Soho. She brought him to her room, undressed, and got into bed. The American also removed his clothes, but left on his shoes.

"Wait a minute," said the young lady. "You'll have to take off your shoes to get into bed."

"What," cried the American, "and maybe catch athlete's foot?"

...



OVERHEARD IN A BAR:

"Damn! It's a good thing my wife is inventive. She got a new fur coat, and we couldn't afford insurance on it."

"What did she do, get a watch dog?"

"No, she did better than that. She got a guy to hide in the closet to watch it."

...

A CHERRY-WATCHAMACALLIT

QUESTION: What has one thousand legs and a cherry?

ANSWER: Five hundred chorus girls and a manhattan.

...



ACTOR, from page 36

be a *great* publicity stunt for the picture if we get married and then when the picture's released we can come back and get divorced. Sometimes at moments like this, I get weak and forget that word soon gets around a studio about the old lady's dough, and instead of using my Avon Boy's School brain to think and wonder what the hell a muscle-lover like this wants with little ole me, I say, "O.K."

All I can say is that the only thing that saved me was I didn't have my driver's license, or any proof of having been born. You can say that again. But I got a look at her passport. She's *forty-three!*

You're right, Baby. She's been dead for thirteen years!

I was crowing to myself. Boy, I had the old bag by the balls with the downhill drag, and I don't mean maybe! I never had so much fun in my life tripping her up with little goodies, like forgotten child stars' names, you know the Our Gang Kids and the Quiz Kids! Was she ever burning.

And then, the bubble burst. Some cad, one of the beach boys in the picture, squealed and told her it was me—little ole me—who had dubbed her Miss V.D. She didn't say anything, but she went out for the kill.

The studio arranged some TV interviews. First, they get me on this local program. Thank God, it was local, and they yak-yak at me about Vanessa and in my most Edwardian manner, I tell them what a lovely girl I think this old broad is. She's almost as old as my own darling mother, at least as old as Mama says she is. An' then I tell 'em how my bachelor heart is yearning for marriage, a cottage small by a water fall, and all that crap. I come off the living image of a world-weary sophisticated who has *finally* found my dream girl. You better believe it, my nightmare nanny.

Well, the next night they have Miss V.D. on the same program and they ask her about her athletic interests, meaning what muscle boy is she hung up on at the moment. And she smiles her Shirley Temple smile and says she's going with David Ashley now. And then she doesn't stop—she goes on about what a gentleman I am, when she goes out with me we go to the best restaurants, we wine and dine by candlelight, I read her poetry. What a bitch. I never even showed her my collection of limericks, and you know what they are! And then she says we come home, I kiss her good-night at the door, and it's such a relief to find such a dear, darling man in this day and time, who respects a lady so that when she comes home, *her dress doesn't even need pressing!*

That did it! There before my eyes is that grinning old hag, telling the world I'm a nance. If she'd put curlers in my hair and make-up on my face she couldn't have done me in any worse. Especially in Hollywood. And I've been going through all this torture, spending most of the money I made on the lousy film, just to be made a fool of by this creep. Boy, did my agent get Hell—and that studio publicity man. I told him what I thought of a man who's set up such a deal, just for a toss in the hay with Miss V.D. And, I also told him I bet the name fit.

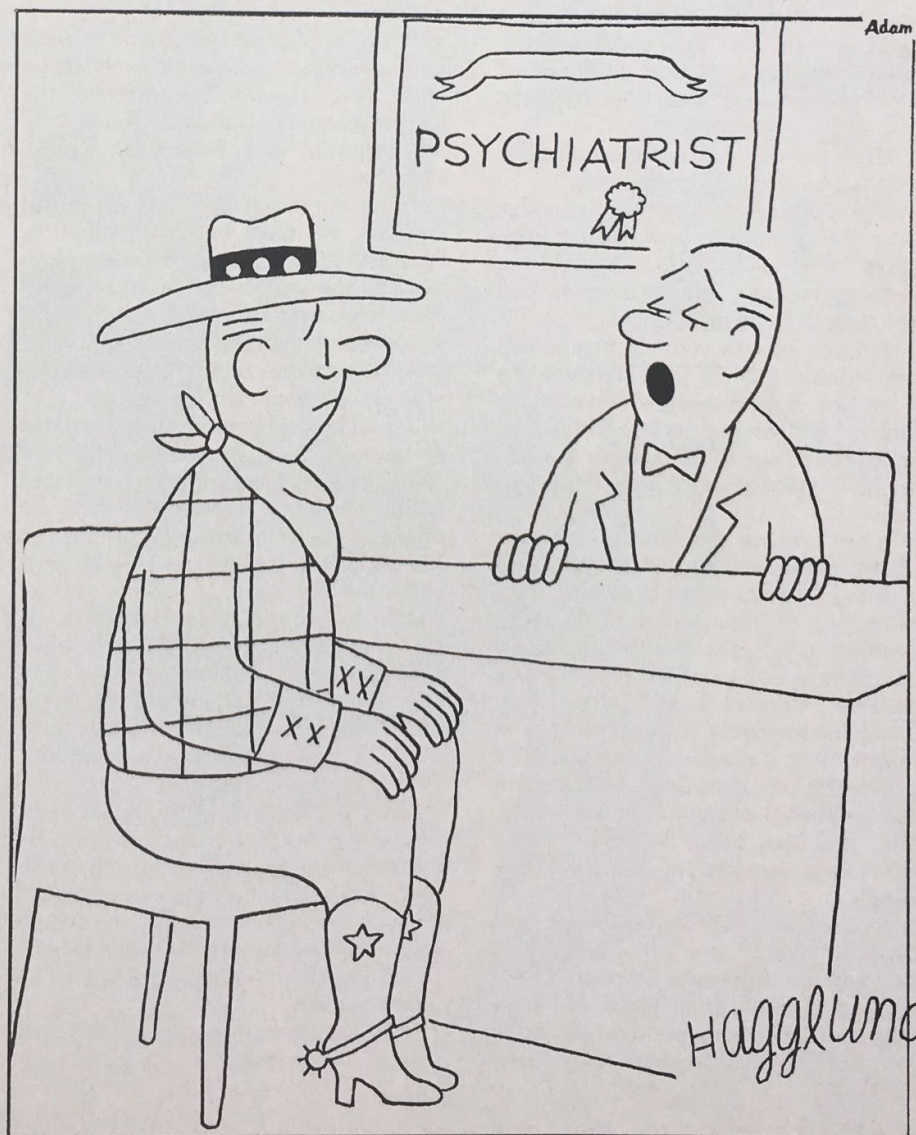
But that wasn't all... the worst is yet to come. The next night was the premiere, and they've scheduled the two of us together on TV. And what do you think she does? She wears a thing made out of sequins that shines so I'm blinded. She already knows I'm at a disadvantage without my glasses. And there I am not knowing whether I'm out of focus of the camera, or even being seen or not, while this broad is giggling and simpering and the next

thing I know, I feel her hand on my head and before God and everybody, she snatches off Rugsie, and I'm standing there as bald as Yul Brynner and not as pretty, looking older than God in a town where you're dead if you're past thirty.

Hollywood, Baby, I've had it... but, I just remembered! They have a telephone toll system in New York, now. Why don't you hop a cab and come up? I brought some tequila back from Mexico. It's the greatest. All you need is a couple of limes and some salt.

And Baby, you do still have those beautiful lean legs, don't you? And that wonderful chest with those little baby you know whats? Thank God! And could I ask a favor? No false eyelashes. Not tonight. I couldn't stand it, much as I love you. And, I really do, Luv. But tonight, I just want to have a few little drinks, maybe a bite at Le Veau d'Or, and then we'll slip quietly into *Arthurs*. I want to go someplace where I'll feel young again.

See you. 



"... And when did you first notice your horse kissing back?"

Psychologists may have you pegged from the moment you walk in the door . . .

The Job Testing JUNGLE

by PAUL BROCK

YOU'D THINK personnel managers and job psychologists wouldn't dare say a word about their latest methods of employee selection. Two of these they call "the tie indicator" and "the handkerchief pointer."

It seems that a team of ultra-qualified brain-pounders have been working for three years on these two "character indications" (their term). They quizzed about 6,000 intelligent but luckless men, and have published the results for the profound guidance of those delegated to interview Joes like you and me for a job.

Here are the shattering conclusions reached by these dedicated men:

If you wear a necktie which is wider than the style now in fashion it suggests (wait for it) lack of confidence. If narrower than fashion dictates, you are over-anxious to conform.

A large knot in your tie means you are reliable, a small knot that you are a worrier. A job seeker who wears the narrow end of his necktie below the wide end is not to be trusted. He will let his employer down something awful.

More brilliant conclusions, this time about handkerchiefs. When you are wearing a suit, a handkerchief tumbling out of your breast pocket suggests that you are energetic. Several handkerchiefs stashed away in various pockets indicates a lack of personal discipline involving unpunctuality. You might think it merely means you have a snorting cold, but those whiz kids in the personnel office know differently, and you had better wise up before they kick you out of the interview booth.

One big firm employing 90 per cent females and 10 per cent males puts its male job applicants through a psychological inquisition which can send any cool, calm and normal man nuts. Because the management is afraid it

might accidentally hire a sex-maniac with a tendency to run triumphantly amok among the huge preponderance of gentle females, they paid a team of psychologists a hefty fee for devising a "Sexual Attitudes" test.

As a result, the first question that confronts the male applicant for a job, say, in the sand-blasting department of a big automobile plant is, "Are you a virgin?"

If the applicant answers "Yes" and he is over 21, he is quite likely to be classed as "abnormal sexually in the light of changing patterns of male sexual behavior as reflected by Kinsey and others."

If he answers "No," and he is unmarried, he may be condemned as "psychologically unsuited for employment in the sand-blasting department, since there may be a tendency towards uncontrollable promiscuity when subject is working in an establishment where the female sex dominates."

Since the applicant has had it whether he says "Yes" or whether he says "No," what do the razor-sharp geniuses in the personnel department think he ought to say in order to qualify for the job under the provisions of their "Sexual Attitudes" test?

The answer is nail-gnawing to all those unfamiliar with the wondrous twisted techniques of modern psychology. He should say, decree the brain boys, that "It is none of your business," or make a similar comment conveying the same meaning.

Why? Because he will thus be demonstrating to the examiners that he possesses a staunch, strong, self-confident independent character well suited to resisting sexual temptations which lurk in the background when you have 9,000 females under the same roof as 1,000 males.

Another question in the "Sexual Attitudes" test includes a visual quiz.

The subject is asked to study a vague, ghostly shape in black and white which at first sight looks as though the testing psychologist is really a crazy abstract artist who has squirted black ink on to white paper and then has rubbed it with his big nose.

"What is it?" demands the questionnaire imperilously, and the applicant who isn't going to get the job in the factory employing 9,000 women immediately recognizes all kinds of voluptuous female lines and shapes.

Convinced that his appreciation of the female form divine is unshakable in its accuracy, the applicant scribbles down what he thinks is the only possible answer: "A naked woman."

And that is why he doesn't get the job, for the answer as any normally-sexed applicant should well know, according to the cranium sleuths, is "A telephone."

Surviving the pre-employment tests and landing a job may soon mean that workers have merely reached the first plateau in the testing tizzy. Many firms are planning to submit them later to "post-hiring psychological testing." The results are alleged to determine the particular vine from which they will be allowed to swing in the workaday jungle.

Four workers in a Pittsburgh steel factory recently sued a filthy-rich firm of business psychology consultants for allegedly "cooking" their test results. One test given the employees was supposed to measure the masculinity or femininity of either sex.

The four workers were males, but their Christian names happened to be ones more frequently used by females: Jean, Jackie, Connie and Lesley.

All husky steelworkers, they were classed by the brilliant psycho-boys as "Ultra-feminine and temperamental to a degree. Unsuitable for assembly-line work."



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DEAR ADAM

THE SILVER BACKSIDE

Jack Ritchie's "The Silver Backside" was really weird. I'm not sure I really followed it, but the idea was wild. That illustration and the one of "The Wild Goose" were really fine. I am looking forward to more stories by Jack Ritchie.

Larry Young
Madison, Wisconsin

* * *

TONGUE IN CHEEK?

I laughed all the way through "One For The Family" by Robert Edmond Alter in the August issue of ADAM. Was I supposed to be horrified? I'll bet Alter's tongue and cheek were sore for weeks after he wrote this story. Talk about the decadent South! This tops them all.

Ayem Smith
Batavia, New York

* * *

I've just finished the November issue of ADAM from cover to cover. The fiction is among the finest you have ever printed, and I particularly enjoyed Robert Edmond Alter's "The Wild Goose."

I thought the joke page was not up to your standards, but the batman joke on page 81 is hilarious!

Those photos of April O'Brien were fine decoration for your magazine as was "Mighty Miki" and "Unkooky Lina." All in all I would say this is one of your finer issues, and I've been reading ADAM for quite awhile now.

Stewart Sharkey
San Francisco, Calif.

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Why is ADAM so great? Because it has those beautiful gals? Those funny Rodrigues cartoons? Great Fiction! And Unusual Articles? Or maybe it's the fine illustrations? Could be!

F. J. B.
Orlando, Fla.

* * *

Your article on "Elizabeth Taylor's Two Hours of Hell" was just great. I am a complete Elizabeth Taylor fan, and she can drink all the malt in the world and they can add sponge all over her and she still turns out beautiful. I think she is a great actress and too many people have it in for her.

Paul Durham
Canton, Ohio

* * *

COMPLIMENT FROM A RELUCTANT WRITER

I have just finished the fine story by Con Sellers "Man With A Medal" which was the best of the fiction in your latest issue of ADAM. I normally don't write letters to magazines, but the fine style and imagination of this writer were enough to encourage me to take the time to pay a compliment. So often, lately, when I have finished a piece of fiction I feel I could have done without it, but I have found the work in your magazine to be consistent in its quality. Continue printing fine stories like this, and you will always get my 50 cents.

Vernon Williams
Venice, Calif.

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THE SECOND COMING

I just read "The Second Coming" by Joe Gores. I have to say that the story presents the execution in its real light. It is a shame for the state to resort to such inhumane behavior.

John Walker
Omaha, Nebraska

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ADAM CALENDAR

The most beautiful woman in the most beautiful photographs of the 1967 ADAM CALENDAR was the month of January.

I have missed several issues of ADAM, but I am looking for them in the hopes of seeing her in them.

Will you do another spread on her? Give me some vital statistics, what she is like, her address, marital status, etc.

Johnny Omen
Metairie, La.

Look no further. The girl you are asking about is Sophie Rieu who is ADAM's EVE in this issue.

* * *

FANS

Am I just imagining things, or are your girls getting better looking? April O'Brien has the wildest of bodies among the wild bodies that appear in your magazine. The only thing I can say is that her 36-25-35 is the groove to follow. You should have filled the entire issue with nothing but her in nothing.

Now I consider myself a connoisseur of the female form and I must say that in passing my critical judgment on this lovely thing, the greatest of compliments has been paid.

Roger
Louisberg, Kansas

* * *

THE ENEMY CAMP

Miki Kelley, who graced the pages of ADAM Vol. 10, No. 11 is really different. It's refreshing to see a girl on your pages who looks like she would be able to walk down a street with you and not make you feel like crawling under the curb.

Eric Johnson
Chicago, Illinois

* * *

When are you going to do something funny? That Cinderella bit was pretty bad.

Unsigned
Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *



COMING UP IN THE NEXT ADAM

THE KKK

A shocking account of 100 years of brutality by members of the Ku Klux Klan . . .

BOOKED SOLID

A wild science fiction story by that master of the craft, RAY RUSSELL . . .

THE WHITE CAT

Adventure and sex in the high Rockies . . . a new story by JORY SHERMAN . . .

COMEBACK FOR CHILERO

William O'Neill makes his ADAM debut with one of the most exciting stories we've ever published . . .

BACHELOR'S TEST FOR HIPPIES

Learn how hip you are by reading this tongue-in-cheek test by HARLAN ELLISON . . .

THE GUNFOOT

GARY PAULSEN's wild spoof on a range war in which the sheep men win the battle!

DAWN JAMES

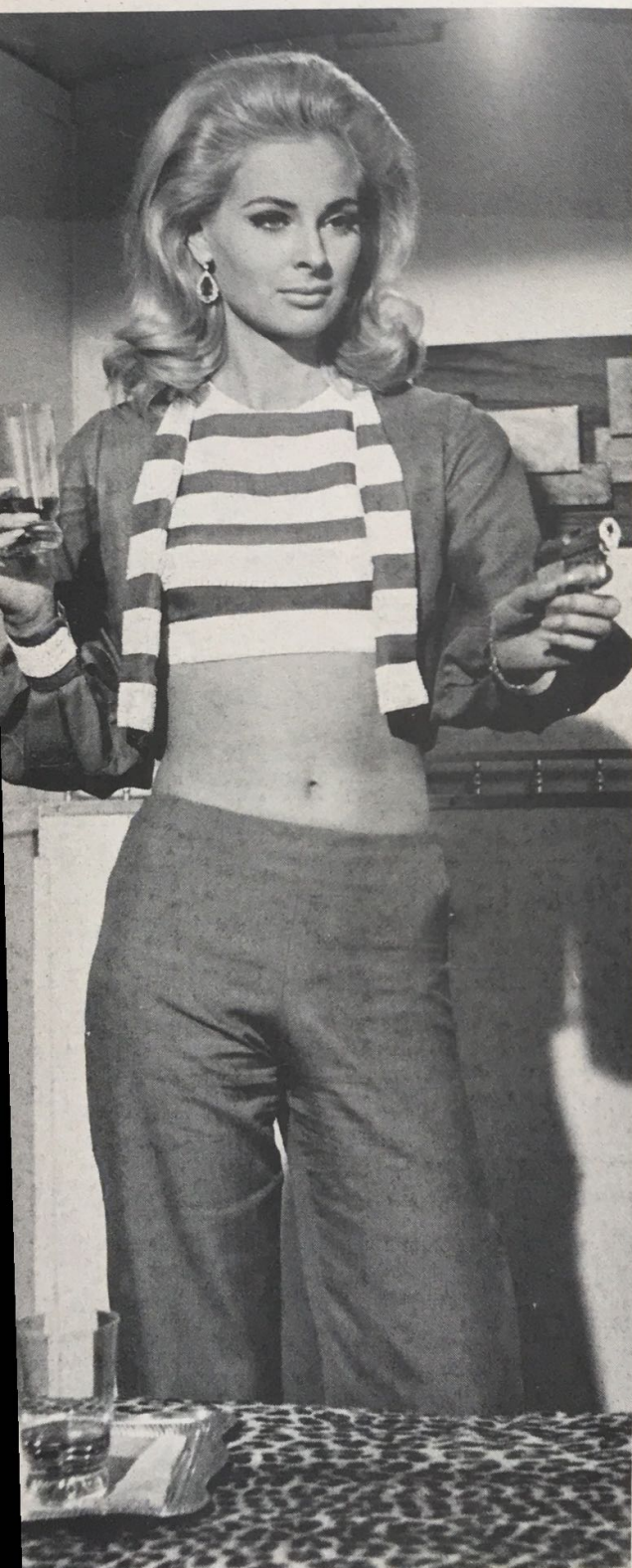
That's her in the picture and there will be several pages of this striking beauty in our next issue . . .

HAIR OF THE DOG

Beginning a new novel of exciting intrigue and violence by DAVID MADDEN . . .

Dean Martin and Ann-Margret heat things up in the new Matt Helm flick . . .

MURDERER'S ROW — from page 5



Ann-Margret, young America's answer to the space age, is aiding and abetting Dino — and also adding to his headaches — as he attempts to thwart the schemes of the film's "heavies," whose diabolical leader is portrayed by Karl Malden. Veteran director Henry Levin helmed the latest of Helm's espionage escapades.

In an attempt to outdo the first Matt Helm filmic adventure, producer Allen has included location filming on the picturesque Isle of Wight in England and in the South of France, as well as a brace of "top secret" super-spy gimmicks both large and small, and a bevy of twelve brand new (and breathtaking) "Slaygirls" to add to the general mayhem and merriment.

We told you it's a spy story. So it's got to be kept mostly secret, right? So what *can* we tell you?

It's contemporary. It takes place all over this planet, but mostly in, around, and *under* the U.S.A., France, and England.

It's very hard to tell the bad guys (and dolls) from the good guys (and dolls) except for our hero (Matt Helm), who is a good guy.

Whether *his* doll is good or bad we can't say, but we can say you'll be pretty much distracted from worrying about it while Ann-Margret (who plays her) makes chiropractic history (with the international discotheque set on the French Riviera) in some of the wildest dance numbers ever captured on film.

Meanwhile, of course, the bad guys have been going about their business of kidnapping an internationally renowned scientist and trying to force him to blow up most of the world — including you. So if you're interested in seeing how you narrowly escape this fate, keep your eye on Matt Helm! 



ANN-MARGRET, DEAN MARTIN and company give us a preview of the new Matt Helm flick, **MURDERER'S ROW** (p. 4), that stunning French showgirl, **SOPHIE RIEU** perks up our centerspread, **CHARLIE MINGUS**, the fighting bass player talks about the jazz world (p. 20), you can find out how virile you are (p. 14), learn about some gamblers who really played for high stakes (p. 46), and find out some truths about the job testing jungle (p. 78) and read a great lineup of fiction by **RICHARD ASHBY**, **BRETT HOWARD**, **HARLAN ELLISON** and **GARY PAULSEN**—all **IN-SIDE ADAM!**

